

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1865.

MIRON WINSLOW, D. D., LL. D.

BY REV. W. C. WINSLOW.

DR. MIRON WINSLOW died at the Cape of Good Hope, October 22, 1864, while returning from India to America. The familiar name of this American missionary requires no introduction of the man to the readers of the Repository, and his great labors no apology for a sketch of his life in this place. This noble and devoted pioneer of missionary labors in India passed forty-five years of active service under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—a period of time seldom attained by any missionary of the Cross, and probably unequaled in missionary annals for activity and influence. The great missionaries have seldom attained a period of more than thirty years of service.

Dr. Winslow was born at Willston, Vermont, December 11, 1789. His father's name was Nathaniel Winslow, a direct descendant in the sixth generation from the Winslows of Plymouth Rock. For nearly ten generations he could trace an unbroken line of pious ancestry. He was a man universally esteemed and respected, holding various offices of trust in the Church and county, dying at Willston, April 30, 1832, at the age of seventy.

Dr. Winslow at the age of fourteen entered a store as clerk near his native place, and there remained seven years. Attaining his majority, he removed to Norwich, Connecticut, where he successfully engaged in mercantile pursuits for a period of two years, and doubtless laid the foundation of those business traits which distinguished him in after-life. While at Norwich he became a subject of renewing grace, and from the first period of his conversion was deeply impressed with a sense of duty to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

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Acting under this conviction, he closed his business and devoted a year and a half to the study of Latin and Greek. He entered Middlebury College, Vermont, two years in advance of the course, graduating with the "philosophical oration" in the year 1815. He also passed some time at New Haven, and received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale College. Entering Andover (Massachusetts) Theological Seminary the following year, he graduated in 1818.

Between the period of graduation and ordination, a period of about six months, Mr. Winslow, licensed to preach the Gospel, devoted much time to labors in behalf of the American Board, traveling extensively through the New England States, and collecting large sums of money. He also commenced to prepare, and soon afterward published, his work entitled, "History of Missions." It was a volume of 432 pages, and regarded by the press as a valuable contribution to missionary literature. The youthful Winslow at this early period of his professional life displayed those intellectual and religious traits which presaged his subsequent career. By his earnest appeals and untiring industry he stimulated the hearts of thousands and interested the Churches in the great missionary undertaking of that day. A little band of missionaries gathered around him, whose labors in India are memorable in missionary annals.

In November of the year 1818 Mr. Winslow was ordained at Salem, Massachusetts, in company with Messrs. Spaulding, Woodward, and Fisk. Prof. Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary, preached the sermon, which was published. The following Winter he was married to Harriet Lathrop, of Norwich, Connecticut, of whom an interesting memoir is published by the American Tract Society, as also of her son, Charles Lathrop Winslow. The

memoir of Mrs. Winslow was prepared by her husband. He subsequently married, in 1835, Mrs. Catherine Waterbury Carman, whose life was written by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury. Mr. Winslow's last wife survives him, and is now in this country.

June 8, 1819, was the day appointed for the missionaries and their wives to sail from Boston. Interesting exercises were held in "Old South" Church, that historic temple of religion and liberty. Mr. Winslow delivered a discourse upon Philippians ii, 21, setting forth the benevolence of the Christian religion in distinction from other religions, and our duty to the heathen. The sermon was widely circulated, and awakened deeper interest than before in the missionary work. Among the company assembled to bid farewell to the brethren was a youth of nineteen years, then a student at Phillips Academy, Andover. He was a brother of Mr. Winslow,\* afterward the well-known Dr. Hubbard Winslow, of the Boston pulpit, and author of various works. The vessel and its precious messengers arrived at Calcutta October 19th. During the voyage a number of the crew were hopefully converted to a saving faith. The missionary labors of Winslow, Scudder, Spaulding, and Woodward commenced before their arrival in a heathen clime.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow landed in the beautiful but then benighted island of Ceylon in the month of December, 1819, and reached Jaffna in February. In July, the day on which we celebrate our National independence, he reached Oodooville, Ceylon, and then and there established that mission. This was his field of labor till the year 1836, when he removed to Madras. Acquiring the Tamil tongue by unceasing diligence, he commenced the missionary work with the steady grasp of one who has a work to do. The mission church and the schools were built; scores of children were taught; as many natives left their hideous idols and worshiped the living God. The influence of Oodooville visited that whole region and infused into the hearts of thousands a disgust for the revolting superstitions and idolatry. The dreadful suttee became less honored in the observance. At this period of Dr. Winslow's labors his pen was actively at work in correspondence with various journals in England and America. For a period of over

forty years the Missionary Herald, the monthly organ of the American Board, contained a continuous correspondence from him, in which he recorded the history in large part of the missions with which he was associated, and indeed of that whole region. The amount of material contributed by him to this single magazine would fill many large volumes. After acquiring a sufficient knowledge of the vernacular he prepared numerous religious tracts and translations for circulation among the Tamil heathen, which are yet in circulation in Ceylon and on the continent.

Dr. Winslow early perceived the importance of establishing educational institutions in India. The Brahmaic leaders of the blind were liberally educated and possessed large attainments in philosophy and literature; but the people which constituted the mass of the population were buried in the depths of superstition and ignorance. Drs. Winslow, Spaulding, and other missionaries, under the auspices of the Board, commenced the Batticotta Seminary at Jaffna in 1823. "The plan" was that "of giving the pupils a good knowledge of English and Western science in connection with their own vernacular instead of Sanscrit," writes Dr. Winslow in his report. He also remarks: "The institution had great influence in raising the standard of education in North Ceylon, and affected even the continent." The Madras (English) University conferred its first degrees of B. A. on graduates of the seminary. It has contained at one time as many as one hundred and fifty boarding scholars, many of them from leading families in the district. Nearly one half from the heathen families united with the mission Church. Scores of native teachers and preachers have gone from their numbers as lights to "lighten the Gentiles" of Ceylon's dark but now brightening isle. At the present time more than one in ninety of the entire population is receiving a liberal education in English and American schools and seminaries. In 1833 Dr. Winslow returned to America with his three motherless children. As the Missionary Herald remarks, "While in the United States he prepared a memoir of his wife, a work of much interest and value, which was published in 1835, presenting not only an account of her character and labors, but a history up to that time of the Ceylon mission, of which she had been a highly-valued member." He traveled through various portions of the country, awakening the people everywhere to a sense of their duty on the subject of missions by appeals from the pulpit and letters to the press.

\* Both of Dr. Winslow's brothers have died during the past year. The Rev. Gordon Winslow, D. D., was drowned in the Potomac, and Dr. Hubbard Winslow died at Williston, Vermont.

But we pass to the chief and most important scenes of Dr. Winslow's missionary life. It was determined by the Board, in concurrence with the views of the Ceylon missionaries, to establish a mission at Madras, the capital of Southern India, and Drs. Winslow and Scudder were designated to occupy that post. In March, 1836, Dr. Winslow reached Madras and made a careful exploration of the ground and necessary preparations for his establishment there. Proceeding to Ceylon, he returned in a few months to Madras, and there commenced that mission. Shortly afterward—or in the year 1839—Dr. Scudder arrived at Madras. This field of labor was occupied by Dr. Winslow for twenty-eight years, or during the remainder of his life. We must now indulge largely in extracts from various writers and reports to illustrate his labors and services in Madras.

Soon after Dr. Winslow's residence at Madras he engaged in a revision and translation of the Scriptures into Tamil, which occupied in the various stages of its completion and publication a period of many years. As late as 1850 he was occupied with still further improvements and revisions of portions of the translation. The Annual Report of the American Board stated at that time: "Mr. Winslow has spent four months of the year in daily meetings, four hours each day, with a committee of revision on the historical and prophetic parts of the Tamil Scriptures, and a greater part of the remaining time, twice a week, with one of the members of the committee on the poetical books. When not thus engaged he was occupied three hours daily with a Moonshee on the Tamil and English Dictionary." At this period—1850—he was bestowing his best exertions and giving his ripe attainments to the completion of these invaluable literary and religious works.

In Madras, as in Ceylon, Dr. Winslow distinguished himself by earnest and successful efforts to educate the natives in connection with the preaching of the Word and Scriptural instruction, distribution of tracts, etc. One of the chief reasons why he ever so strongly advocated the system of the school-house and the Church, as it is called, was, that it produced native scholars, preachers, and teachers for the missionary work. Why send to America for laborers when India could produce them? In this view partly he was instrumental in founding, about the year 1845, the native college and English high-school of which he was president. Seven vernacular schools were established under his superintendence, and in the adjoining station

of Madras four others were also established, which received frequent attention from him, although not directly under his oversight. Four "Occasional Reports" of the Madras mission were published by Dr. Winslow, the first in 1843, the second in 1848, the third in 1858, and the last in 1864. They exhibit very luminously and fully the work and progress of missionary operations in the capital of the Madras Presidency, where exists a population of 30,000,000 of our race. They speak of facts and figure volumes of what a noble band of men, small numerically, but great spiritually, have accomplished in obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world." To these reports we are largely indebted for what follows. Between two and three hundred students were in attendance at the native college at the beginning of 1864, in large part from highly-respectable families, "including many Brahmins." The institution "was affiliated with the University" under the English Government in 1859, and was an important instrumentality "to maintain the high character of Madras for the Christian education of Hindoo youth." Between four and five hundred pupils, in 1864, were in attendance at the vernacular schools, of whom over one hundred were girls. The education of females met with a good degree of success, although the degradation of women is an obstacle with which Christianity has to contend in India.

To form some opinion of the labors and achievements of the Madras mission, we will briefly refer to the amount of printing and publishing done at its establishment. The care of the American Mission press is in the hands of Mr. P. R. Hunt, who, with Dr. Winslow, edited and supervised the material for publication. The Press was commenced in 1838, and constantly enlarged "till it is in a state of great efficiency for printing, type-founding, and binding." In a measure, it is self-supporting, doing large jobs for various religious societies and other objects. "It has done much to raise the standard and improve the style of printing in Madras." The beautifully-printed Tamil Lexicon of Dr. Winslow, which we shall presently notice, is an evidence of its ability to execute the finest order of typographical work. The amount of printing done may be briefly enumerated thus: of the Scriptures there have been published 225,000,000 of pages, and of all other descriptions of work 310,000,000 of pages, making a grand total at the beginning of the year 1864 of 535,000,000 of pages! Tracts, school-books, Gospels, epistles, commentaries, theology are all included in this vast amount

of printed matter. A Tamil almanac and newspaper are also in the list.

We have a few remarks to make upon the Tamil language before speaking of Dr. Winslow's Lexicon. The language of the world may commonly be divided into three main families—the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian. Of the Turanian, in the South, we have the Tamil and a few others. In the sixth or seventh century before Christ we find the celebrated Agastya, called the father of Tamil. But we are not to suppose that he formed the Tamil alphabet. That existed before any innovations of Agastya. The Rev. William Taylor, an Eastern scholar, thinks that there was originally a rude, simple, homogeneous dialect spoken from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and that "the earliest probable refinement of it was the Pali of the North and the Tamil of the extreme South." The Pali was anterior to the Sanscrit, the former signifying *root* or *original*, and the latter *finished* or *polished*. The Tamil is not a vulgar dialect. It was a highly-polished language before the English had a definite written character. Its name signifies sweetness. While nearly all the vernaculars of India have been greatly enriched from the Sanscrit, that language has been indebted to the Tamil. There was also an early literature in Tamil independent of Sanscrit. We can write, with certain omissions, in pure Tamil, as in English we may in pure Saxon. Dr. Caldwell has said that "the Tamil can dispense with the Sanscrit altogether." It could better do without it than the English without Latin. This wonderful language is one of the most copious, refined, and polished languages spoken by man. In its poetic form it is more polished and exact than the Greek, and in both dialects more copious than the Latin. In fullness and power it greatly resembles the English and German. "Few nations on earth can boast of so many poets as the Tamils." All their early literature was in poetry, and their prose style is yet in a forming state. Many natives who write poetry readily can not write correct prose. The number of native Christians in India speaking Tamil is two or three times greater than of those speaking any other vernacular, and consequently it has a greater amount of Christian literature. In short, this queen-tongue of India has beauties of expression, shades of meaning, words of special application, a flowing melody, a mathematical exactness and acuteness which are strangers to our mother tongue.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Dr. Winslow determined to prepare a Tamil-English Lexicon

for native use and for the promotion of the religious interests of India. Missionaries, English residents, and scholars, had long felt and experienced the need of such a work. It was a great undertaking in every sense, and might not be completed in that generation; but Dr. Winslow associated with him efficient native scholars, and was assisted by manuscript materials of the then late Rev. Joseph Knight. As the demand for such a work increased, and its vital importance to the missionary cause appeared, he determined to make "A Comprehensive Tamil and English Dictionary of High and Low Tamil." The work was completed and given to the public in 1862. Printed in a beautiful type and finely finished, the quarto contains nearly 1,000 pages, three columns to a page, and 68,000 words, definitions, translations, etc. An eminent critic thus speaks of the work in a review of it published in a leading literary journal: "It thus appears that nearly half of all the words in the Tamil language owe their English lexicographic birth and position to the labors of our American Orientalist. The work before us includes both the common and poetic dialects and the astronomical, astrological, mythological, botanical, scientific, and official terms, together with the names of authors, poets, heroes, and gods. It thus initiates the learner not only into the language, but into its literature, and makes him acquainted with the philosophies, mythologies, sciences, traditions, superstitions, and customs of the Hindoos. . . . The learned author has adopted an original arrangement of the verbs. He says that all the other parts of the verb flow naturally from the imperative singular, and that he finds this the most simple and natural arrangement. He thus makes an important advance on all preceding steps, not only in this but in other languages, in the grammatical analysis of this most difficult part of speech. The original introduction of nearly half the classical words in Tamil literature, in connection with translations of peculiar idioms and phrases, and the scholarly and philosophical arrangement of the whole work, make this the first and only comprehensive Tamil and English dictionary ever published. It is a great honor to American scholarship that one of our own number should have produced this work."

To the above might be added various other honorable commendations of the work from English, native, and American reviewers. The Reformed Dutch Church Mission passed the following testimonial: "*Resolved*, That we, as a mission, do tender our congratulations to

the Rev. Miron Winslow, D. D., on the completion of his dictionary, and that we regard this work as a noble contribution to Oriental literature, a boon to all students and laborers in Tamil language, and a crown of honor to its author."

As a religious journal remarks, "The highest merit of this successful undertaking, and the pleasure felt by all Christians in the completion of the work, are the vast channels of influence thrown open thereby for the weal and progress of India. . . . It is only by perceiving how greatly the prospects of Christianizing India and redeeming that people from their great errors are increased by the publication of such a work that we are able to put a just estimate upon the labors of Dr. Winslow, and the obligations of India and the world to him for his great work."

One of the influential organs of the Methodist Church, speaking of Dr. Winslow's devotion to his work, remarks: "We also learn, respecting the dictionary, that after three hundred and sixty pages had been printed the resources from the American Board for its completion failed. Dr. Winslow then assumed the responsibility of finishing the work by raising the needed funds in subscriptions, especially by dividing seven hundred copies of the work into shares of ten each, at the rate of two hundred rupees per share. By the patronage of missionary societies and the kindness of generous friends so much was raised that at the close a debt of only five thousand rupees remained, which was soon liquidated by sales. Dr. Winslow received no profit from his 'labor of love,' and gave to the American Board seven hundred and eighty-four copies which remained. He also left to the Board to remain in their possession this great work of his life—a very munificent offering."

In 1857 Dr. Winslow made a visit to America, returning in 1858. During this period he published his work, "Hints on Missions," and again by his voice and pen aided the cause. His letters were published in various influential journals of the land. During his residence in India he corresponded with various European and American societies on the languages of the East and matters pertaining to Oriental literature. Harvard University conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on him, and Middlebury (Vermont) College that of Laws. A brother missionary thus writes of him: "As a missionary, a student, a preacher, an author, he was largely a business man. Methodical and accurate, he looked for results in connection with labor, and went to his

work, whatever it might be, with the steady air of one who had a work to do. Day by day and year after year, while a whole generation fell by his side, he continued teaching and preaching in the school-house, church, zayat, and the public highway; writing, translating, compiling; giving time for Tract Society and Bible Society, and also managing the finances of his own mission and acting as agent for inland missions." The same writer, speaking of his round of duties, says: "His habits were regular and his mode of life simple. Rising at a quarter before five o'clock, he was accustomed to exercise, on foot or on horseback, for three-quarters of an hour just before and after sunrise. Returning, he was alone till the breakfast hour. After a cheerful meal and family prayers he visited his schools, opening them with reading and prayer. Coming again to the house he received the calls of his native assistants and of others who might desire counsel, instruction, or information. Then, turning to his desk, he was occupied for several hours with his Hindoo moonshees, or his Bible Committee, upon translations. Dinner was followed by attention to the details of station and mission work, letter-writing and study. Toward sundown out-door duties were resumed—visitation of schools, zayat-preaching, calls upon strangers or resident friends, or a drive upon the beach for refreshment. An early tea was ordinarily followed by attention to the accounts of the mission and correspondence, varied by attendance upon committee meetings or social religious services. . . . In Madras, the civil, military, and commercial metropolis of South India, he was brought in contact with almost every missionary who arrived from Europe or America. . . . By nature refined, and with manners cultivated by intercourse with good society, he was in an eminent degree acceptable to the English officers, civil and military, and the American name was much honored in him."

Another missionary, speaking of the "eminently distinguished missionary life" of Dr. Winslow, remarks: "It was also distinguished by the amount of literary labor which he performed, all of which was connected, more or less directly, with his great missionary work. . . . To the translation and revision of the Scriptures he devoted patient, persevering, unremitting thought and labor, and for many years was Secretary of the Revision and Publication Committee of the Madras Bible Society." After referring to his "great and enduring service to Tamil literature" by his labors, the writer adds: "From the character of his piety,

which was warm, earnest, practical, from his excellent judgment, his gentle and affectionate yet dignified and courteous bearing, from his conscientious, persevering application to every duty, from his habits of punctuality, precision, and order, he was *facile princeps* among the missionaries of all societies in Madras. Wherever grace, gentleness, caution, prudence, and delicate courtesy were required he was always selected. By Europeans and natives of all classes, by Christians and heathen, he was loved, esteemed, and venerated, and he will long be remembered in India."

To these loving traits of character were added "sterner stuff." A missionary says of him: "Yet he was far from being a man of mere amiability. Firmness was one of his most prominent traits. Once settled in the determination to pursue a given course, he could not be easily moved from his purpose. What he undertook he accomplished. His labors attest this quality; nor could a life-long endurance of the wilting sun of tropical India take from him his energy and perseverance."

When Dr. Winslow sailed from Madras, in August, 1864, various memorials of kindly remembrance were tendered him. His native Church, of which he was pastor, presented a long testimonial, neatly printed on parchment, an extract from which will illustrate their regard for him: "In you we lose a father. After you we may have many instructors in Christ. What of that? . . . A thatched roof and a tiled one met no difference with you. In fact, the dear-bought experience of many years, lit by the grace of the Most High, has helped you practically to realize the true acceptation of the remarkable saying of Paul, which to many is only a barren, speculative theory, 'The care of all the Churches.'"

The Madras Missionary Conference, numbering over forty members from all denominations, tendered him a farewell letter, which indicates how much "he was universally respected, honored, and loved." We give an extract: "The brethren feel that in you they lose one whose place can never be supplied. . . . You were always the foremost advocate of brotherly love and Christian union, and we felt that it was a privilege to have one who was so much respected by every division of the Church of Christ as yourself to preside at our annual united communion and our annual concerts for prayer."

Dr. Winslow's last days and hours were a fitting close to his long life of devotion. "Great is my peace," said he, as the shadows of mor-

tality gathered over him and the rays of immortality were soon to flash upon his spirit. His last words were, "I can hear prayer when I can think of nothing else." And when the words of prayer had ascended to the Eternal Throne the soul of Miron Winslow swiftly followed after.

### BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

O, BEAUTIFUL birds of passage,  
On your pinions light and free,  
Cleaving the air with lyrics rare  
And quaint as songs of the sea!

Murm'ring of pain and pleasure,  
Murm'ring of joy and woe,  
In wild and melancholy notes  
Float down to the world below;

And sounds as of martial music  
On the silent hush of night,  
Drop into earth's dreamy slumbers  
The tidings of your flight.

O, is it some tender memory  
Still lingering in the brain  
That sprinkles sharp, quick notes of grief  
Along your glad refrain?

Some thought of the scattered nestlings,  
Or cry for the dear old mate  
• With a wing by the sportsman shattered,  
Left alone and desolate?

Or a cherished spot in the wild wood  
With its little crypt of dust,  
Hidden away from the glare of day  
By the dead leaves' kindly trust?

O, birds, with your toiling pinions  
So near to the sapphire skies!  
Do ye catch no glimpse of the glory  
• Which just beyond you lies?

No music of happy voices  
Which blend with the harps of gold  
In that dear, delightful country  
Whose joys are manifold?

Ah, ye are but birds of passage,  
But yet your upward flight  
And transit to a land of flowers  
From one of wintry blight

Has some mysterious influence  
To move life's subtle springs  
And startle into wild unrest  
My spirit's folded wings.

O, birds, with your notes of triumph,  
Sweet types ye seem to me  
Of the spirit forms who flit at will  
Through God's immensity!

## CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

## NUMBER I.

THE conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity is a very comprehensive subject of inquiry. It is a subject not for a dissertation, but for a history; for it involves a progressive change extending over three or more centuries, and is marked by a series not only of moral and intellectual, but of political revolutions. It embraces a multitude of events, and presents to us a long gallery of individual characters. It points backward to the origin and progress of thought and feeling on religious questions; and forward almost to the farthest expansion that they have hitherto attained. It is in itself the history of religion brought into a focus, for there is little probably in the later course of human speculation on the most interesting of all questions, of which the germ, and often the full development, may not be traced in the controversies of primitive Christianity with paganism." Such is Mr. Merivale's estimate of the magnitude of the subject that was before him when he undertook the task of delivering the Boyle Lectures for 1864. That the subject is entirely too comprehensive for full treatment in a course of eight lectures is as apparent to us as to him, and also that the author could do nothing more than choose a particular line of thought and pursue that. We would also suppose that Mr. Merivale, already illustrious as the author of "A History of the Romans under the Empire," would choose the historical rather than the argumentative method of treating his subject. His historic labors had already brought him closely in contact with the progress of Christianity in the Empire, and had prepared him to be at home in such a treatment of his subject. We earnestly hope he may yet be led to write the history, which he himself says has not been yet written, of the transition of the Roman Empire from paganism to Christianity.

What particular phase of this history he would pursue in his lectures is also indicated in the prefatory remarks which we have quoted. Mr. Merivale is one of the best representatives of the method of modern history—a method which, while it gathers up the facts and events of history, concerns itself still more with the causes of facts and the development of events.

History is no longer written as a mere chronological table, a mere matter of disconnected facts. The law of cause and effect—of antecedence and sequence—is as apparent in the progressive unfolding of history as in the phenomena of nature; and the true business of the historian is not only to inform us what events transpired in a given period, but what led to those events, and what human and providential causes produced them. Into the development of human history two factors enter—human nature and Divine Providence—and no true history can be written that does not trace, as far as possible, the agency of these two factors. After this manner Mr. Merivale sketches for us one phase in the wonderful transition of the Empire from paganism to Christianity; only one phase, for his circumstances admitted of nothing more; and even this could only be a sketch, and "not a full history of the great transformation of opinion of which it treats." In this light it is due to the author that we judge his work; and as such we accept it as an eloquent and most valuable contribution to the history of the "great conversion." Offered to us as a full statement of the conversion of the Roman Empire, we would reject it; and if the author presented it as the full and only solution of the conversion of pagan Rome, we could not help joining with the Westminster Review, in believing that "he wrote with very great deference to the views of neologists, if, indeed, he were not himself strongly under this influence." But here is just where that Review, always unjust to orthodox Christian authors, and always one-sided in its reviews of cotemporaneous Christian literature, does injustice to Mr. Merivale, and misinterprets the design and bearing of his lectures.

Mr. Merivale, like all other historians of the Church, recognizes four powerful influences working toward the change of the Empire; namely, 1. "The force of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity; that is, the apparent fulfillment of prophecy, and the historical testimony to the miracles by which it claims on its first promulgation to have been accomplished." 2. "The internal evidence, from the sense of spiritual destitution, the consciousness of sin, the acknowledged need of a sanctifier and a redeemer." 3. "The testimony to the truth of Christianity from the lives and deaths of the primitive believers, from the practical effect of Christian teaching upon those who embraced it in faith; the godly examples of Christians throughout the trials of life, and especially in the crowning trial of martyrdom, which, we may be assured from history, were

\* *The Conversion of the Roman Empire.* The Boyle Lectures for 1864. By Charles Merivale, B. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

productive of thousands, nay, of millions of conversions." 4. That which always takes place as a result of success itself—the arresting and convincing of the great inert mass of the thoughtless, the gross-minded, and the carnal, upon whom no legitimate arguments could make any impression, by the last overruling argument of success.

Mr. Merivale, for brevity and concentration, chooses to develop only the second. Like the great Neander, he supposes the historical development of the Christian Church, as a body, is similar to that of the Christian life in each of its members, and that the conversion of an empire exhibits much the same phenomena on a grand scale, as are exhibited in the conversion of the individual. In the latter case, the transition from an unchristian to a Christian state is not an event altogether sudden, and without any preparatory steps. Many separate rays of divine light, at different times, enter the soul; many influences of awakening, preparative grace are felt, before the birth of that new divine life which characterizes the Christian man. So is it in the conversion of a people. "In the present case," says Mr. Merivale, "there was an interval of four centuries, crowded with movements of changes outward and inward; all slow and gradual, and following justly one from another—the falling away of many prejudices; the scaling off of many folds of inveterate error; the raising up of many footholds of truth and faith. There was life in death, energy in decay, rejuvenescence in decrepitude. The human mind continued to work by its old accustomed methods, but those methods of thought were themselves of God's original appointment; the Holy Spirit had brooded over their creation, and guided them gently to the end which to Him was present from the beginning." In his lectures he endeavors to trace the mode of this spiritual revolution, this conversion of the Roman Empire, of the civilized world of antiquity, of the natural human intellect in the pride of its highest acquirements, from a denial of the first principle of positive belief to the assertion of an entire system of revealed religion. At first sight the process may seem too exclusively natural, too little aided by Divine and supernatural influences, too distinct from any influence of Christianity itself; but we must remember that it is only this natural process, this intellectual and spiritual development, this education of the Roman world for Christianity, all under the direct providence of God, that the author proposes to discuss for us. As such it is masterly and of great value.

To show us the reality of this wonderful

conversion the author in his first lecture presents two striking and typical pictures. In the century immediately preceding the birth of Christ, in a full assembly of the Roman Senators in the Temple of Concord, to deliberate on the punishment due to the greatest of crimes, political and religious—the sacrilegious treason of Cataline and his followers—Cæsar arose and pronounced those words which have ever since been marked and held in remembrance as the manifesto of Roman unbelief on the subject of future existence. "In pain and misery," he said, "death is the release from all suffering, not suffering itself; death dissolves all the ills of mortality; beyond it is no place either for pain or pleasure. Wherefore, keep these criminals alive, to suffer a fitting penalty; after death there is no more punishment for sin, neither is there any reward for virtue." Cæsar, himself the chief pontiff, the highest functionary of the State religion, the chosen interpreter of divine things to the national conscience, declared peremptorily that there is no such thing as retribution beyond the grave, no future state of consciousness, no immortality of the soul! To him replied the grave and virtuous Cato, following and refuting, closely and gravely, all his *political* arguments, but passing by this remarkable expression, "with just one sentence of what looks like polished banter, just enough to indicate a humorist's sense of the curious incongruity of such a sentiment in such a mouth; but so lightly, so perfunctorily, as plainly to show how little there was in it to alarm the religious feeling of the audience, or to disgust the religious convictions of the speaker himself."\* Cicero, the most consummate adept in the doctrines of the philosophical schools, the man who of all his order could most exactly weigh the amount of approbation which the denial of immortality would then and there carry with it, also refers to Cæsar's assertion, not as caring to give his own assent or dissent upon the question, but leaving it perfectly open to the learned or the pious, to the statesman and legislator, the pontiff and augur, to embrace or repudiate it as he pleases.

In sublime contrast with this we have another picture. We are transported four centuries onward, from Italy to Asia Minor, from Rome to the provincial city of Nicœa, from the Temple of Concord beneath the Capitol, to a

\*How far "this best of Romans" himself was from being securely settled in a belief of immortality is indicated by M. Denis, when he says, "Cato himself died studying the Phædon of Plato, and not a book of one of his good friends, the Stoics."

public hall of state over against the destined site of a second Rome on the Bosphorus. "How changed is the scene which now meets our eyes; how changed—yet in some marked circumstances how like to the old scene renewed! The place of meeting is no longer a temple, but a town-hall or a palace; the government there enthroned is no longer a commonwealth, but an imperial autocracy; the men assembled before us in their robes of dignity and their ensigns of office—the pallium for the toga, the crooked staff for the ivory scepter—are no longer senators, but bishops; not fathers of patrician households, and rulers of provinces and legions, but fathers of the Church, elders of a spiritual congregation, abounding in exhortation and teaching, interpreting a rule of faith and practice, holding fast an already ancient ecclesiastical tradition. The ideas of the time are, indeed, changed: the faith and usages of the people have undergone a marvelous transformation. The matter in debate in the assembly, to which the gravest affair of state is now committed, is not a question of political emergency, of foreign levy or domestic treason, but of the deepest spiritual significance; the Council of Nice is met together to fix the creed of Christendom on a point of religious dogma, to close up an intellectual schism, and settle the faith of men on an everlasting foundation!" In these four centuries the transition has been made—the Roman Empire has been converted!

Of course we can not here follow the author as he traces in masterly manner the intellectual process through which the Roman mind passed in its transition from the skeptical standing-point of Cæsar to the acceptance of the whole system of Christian truth by millions in the days of Constantine; we can only outline the transition that had to be made, and indicate the forces that were leading onward in the change. Three almost universally-prevalent errors, or false methods of thought, insurmountable obstacles to Christianity while they existed, must be moved out of the way, not so much by the influence of Christianity itself, as by the providence of God anticipating Christianity and preparing the way for it. These are false views of God, false views of the relation of man to his fellow-man, and false methods of conceiving of man's relations to the future life. Around these center the manifold errors of paganism; to supplant these by more true and just conceptions is the triumph of Christianity.

At the time of the birth of Christianity the best minds of Greece and Rome had reached a conception of the spirituality and unity of God, and though unable entirely to give up the pop-

ular sentiment of "gods many and lords many"—for we still hear Cicero, and Cæsar, and Cato, and still later Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus speaking of the "gods"—they had at least reached the conception of one supreme Deity, infinitely above all others, and presiding over the destinies of men and gods. This idea was continually clearing itself and becoming more and more enthroned in the consciousness of thinking men. Still this God was national, not personal, and the idea of Greek and Roman religion was to secure by a national worship the enjoyment of national advantages, protection, favor, and reward, and escape from national disasters and national punishments. It was the political religion of States and peoples. Their priests were the mediators between God and the nation, between Heaven and the city. The citizen was merged in the State; for the State he was born, he lived, he married, he tilled his lands, he bequeathed his goods, he perpetuated his family. "The Roman worshiped for his country rather than for himself. To the gods of the enemy he opposed the gods of Rome." The care of the gods, he imagined, was for the nation rather than the individual worshiper, their favor temporal, their rewards and punishments of the earth earthy. Such conceptions could develop no personal religious life, could never bring the worshiper into personal communion with God, could never create any lively sense of a personal immortality.

This belief in national divinities, the patrons of the State, in the protection of one favored race against all others, the maintenance of a federal compact between Heaven and the nation, in which the individual worshiper had but a relative and proportionate interest, could not fail to generate that national pride, selfishness, and exclusiveness which constitutes another great antagonism to the benevolent spirit of the Gospel. Even the broader conceptions of philosophy, of love and general charity toward men, were constantly baffled in their operation, and degraded by the inveterate prejudice of the Grecian and the Roman mind—their prejudice against the natural equality and unity of man, his equal claim on God, his common right to social and political freedom. But even the philosophers themselves could not rise above these prejudices of nation and race. To them also, the world outside of Greece and Rome was only a world of contemptible barbarians, while within the city itself was the aristocracy of souls, favored and exalted by Heaven, and for whom the ignorant and poor masses were but servants and slaves. The famous political utopia of Plato was not a broad cosmopolite asso-

ciation of men of various races, colors, and climates, but the narrowest and closest combination of a few select thousands, to keep themselves apart in all their public relations from all the rest of mankind. "The Greeks," said he, "are naturally friends among themselves, and are united by the paternity of blood; but they are naturally strangers and enemies toward the barbarian." The love of Greece and Greeks abounds in Plato, but it is impossible to find in him the love of humanity. Aristotle yielded still more to the prejudices of his countrymen. He avowed without remorse the pre-eminence of one race over every other; he declared the distinction to be natural and necessary between man and man, Greek and barbarian; he would have fixed at once and forever the limits beyond which truth and knowledge, political rights, and even spiritual privileges should not pass. While to him the outside world is only made up of graceless barbarians, the organization of the State itself consists "on the one side of the accomplished citizen, to whom alone pertain the destinies of the city, holding this good fortune by virtue of his leisure; and on the other, of certain men whose sole end seems to be to render this leisure possible to the citizen: for agriculture and industry, some laborers and artisans; for private service, slaves." "Man is only complete," says Aristotle, "in domestic association; and this association comprehends three beings: the man, who commands the family, the woman, who perpetuates it, and the slave, who serves it. Suppress one of these three lines of a triangle, and the triangle is no more; for even the slave is in some sort a third side of man; that is, of man in society, the true man." Again: "there is but little difference in the services which man demands from the slave and from the animal. And so even Nature wishes it, since she has made the bodies of freemen different from those of slaves; giving to one the strength which pertains to their destination, and to the other a stature straight and erect. It is, then, evident that the one are naturally free, and the others are naturally slaves, and that, for these last, slavery is as useful as it is just!" If the mere local and partial deities worshiped as patron-gods are far removed from that "unknown God" whom Paul came to declare to the Athenians, how directly antagonistic are these views of man to the broad and charitable Gospel which declares that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men; to dwell on all the face of the earth!" And yet side by side with these errors was an undercurrent of better thought, destined before long to reach the sur-

face, which a better philosophy was developing and a stern providence was maturing—the conception of the personal and spiritual character of God, the reality and nearness of his providential government, the possibility at least of a future state of retribution, and the duties of repentance and devotion toward God, of love and general charity toward men.

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### OCTOBER.

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BY MRS. LAURA E. TOMPKINSON.

How beautiful is October!  
 With its wealth of golden sheaves,  
 And sunlight glory trailing  
 Over the fading leaves;  
 With its hazy, yellow sunsets,  
 And mellow, twilight hours,  
 And radiant rosy mornings,  
 And frost-enameled flowers!

Thrice welcome, dear October!  
 I love thy glowing charms,  
 When Nature, sinking gently  
 Into the Autumn's arms,  
 Throws off her robe of gladness  
 Without a saddening sigh,  
 And steals the varying glory  
 Of the rainbow from the sky.

And when the Summer blossoms  
 Are chilled in the north wind's breath,  
 And even the flowers of Autumn  
 Are hushed in Winter's death,  
 Still hangs that radiant rainbow  
 O'er forest, hill, and glen—  
 The pledge of a resurrection  
 When Spring shall come again.

Life has a sweet October—  
 The Autumn of the heart;  
 When youth's bright spring-time glories  
 Like fairy dreams depart;  
 When the might and prime of manhood  
 Are waning in their strength,  
 And the shadow on life's dial  
 Is darkening in its length;

When the hopes we once have cherished,  
 And the joys we once have known,  
 Like Summer flowers are perished,  
 Like Summer birds are flown;  
 Then life's serenest Autumn,  
 With its golden harvest-time,  
 Brings with its hallowing influence  
 Thoughts of a happier clime.

And when my life's October  
 Comes gently stealing on,  
 When earth's first, fairest flow'rets  
 Are withered, faded, gone;  
 O, may that hallowing influence  
 Steal o'er my spirit then,  
 As the golden haze of Autumn  
 Steals o'er the forest glen!

## MY GRANDMOTHER GLADE.

BY BEERNICE.

I REMEMBER her for a medium-sized woman, keen, grayish-blue eyes, pointed nose, and a decided business air. She was at the farthest possible remove from indolence or repose, every bone, muscle, and finger-joint being always "up and dressed" for duty. Four o'clock, A. M., rarely found her in bed, and from that hour till nine at night there was a stir both indoors and out at Hillsdale farm. My mother died when I was ten, and as it was her wish that my father should never marry till the youngest of his children were settled in life, we came under the supervision of grandmother Glade. To her my father was "her boy Jasper," whom she had always "seen to." Kate, George, little Sarah, and myself were the children a special Providence had put under her care to train up in the way we should go. Of my earlier years my memory is not so vivid. I suppose Kate and I managed to romp away the keener sense of household responsibilities in the fields and woods, but as we emerged to young womanhood our duties began to assume greater importance.

That old kitchen, with its long pine table, great stove, and ashen floor, what scenes has it not witnessed! Such baking and stewing, washing and ironing, such scouring and cleaning, spinning, winding, and reeling were enough to make one's head swim to think of. Set in motion, guided, and controlled by grandmother, the household machinery moved on with as much order and thoroughness as were ever displayed in a well-generated army. She herself constituted the committee of ways and means, and, almost unconsciously to ourselves, we all acquiesced from father down to the hired boy. Indeed, it was easier to move on with the current than to array ourselves against so resolute a leader. Moreover, there was a kind of breezy cheerfulness about her manner quite inspiring, which made us dread less the iron rule to which we were subjected.

On Tuesdays and Saturdays we baked, and such a mixture of flour, lard, and spices concocted on the long pine table by Kate and myself was enough to cloy the appetite of an epicure. My conscience smites me now to think of the berries and plums condemned to greasy beds of pastry, then spiced, sweetened, and cooked till every vestige of natural taste was gone. Woe to the dyspeptic who chanced to be a guest at our table and fancied he could choose from its abundance without settling

with an injured stomach! If he chose a potato he found it possessed certain oily propensities obtained from close proximity to a large chunk of pork that graced the center of the table, being boiled in the same kettle. He could refuse the sausage, pickles, and pound-cake and take refuge in a piece of pie. Unlucky condiment! for did I not compound that "puffy" crust after the most approved style, pounding and rubbing in the lard till the flour was shortened to its utmost capacity? Pork reigned supreme. "It was the most profitable on the long run," grandma said, and thus came to be installed household god. We worked hard and lived high.

Grandmother was an old-time housekeeper, and held emphatically to home manufacture, as the piles of blankets and coverlets and the rolls of carpeting in the east chamber could testify. Our farm rejoiced in a large flock of geese, and O, those days when the feathers were to be plucked! The perspiration starts even now when I think of repeated contests, especially with one old gander, whose ire was always up at the idea of being caught and robbed of his coat. Now and then his head would emerge from the stocking-leg drawn over it, known to me by a decided "gnawing sensation" in the region of my right arm. Lucky for me if I escaped without an assault from his up-raised wings. Days of toil were those when a soiled curtain, an undusted room, or a late dinner were unknown. It seems as if the very demon of work possessed us. I think if any had propounded the question of catechism, "What is the whole duty of man?" or rather woman, a chorus of voices would have echoed, "To be good housekeepers," to which every napkin, knife, and spoon would have given assent.

I said we all acknowledged the scepter; but there was one who never wore any yokes, or if so, she pranced so lightly under them no one knew it—Sarah, the sweetest little girl that ever gathered posies. She was not the most talented one of the family; that honor I always awarded to Kate, whose dark eyes would flash and burn whenever in conversation by chance a topic of interest was alluded to. But Sarah was a clinging vine, a sun-ray, a song, or any thing bright, sweet, and good you might name. Dear child! Whatever she did seemed beautiful, however it might be in another. It was Sarah who, too little to be scolded, helped the "poor flies" out of the tumblers grandma had set on purpose to trap them. It was she that pleaded for unhappy hens and turkeys about to be beheaded for market;

she that was caught tugging hay in her chubby arms for "poor Mrs. Gunn's cow, because she looked so wistful over the gate." Every body smiled when they looked at sis, for she was as happy as a humming-bird, and with her all the sublime philosophy of life was to do good to every body and every thing in her way.

"Kate," said I one morning after an uncommonly hard siege, "do you not wish this world would go of itself one day?"

"Yes, I wish it would, at least long enough for me to breathe once, and I would try to think whether there *was* any thing in life besides pies, puddings, and spinning-wheels," turning over the leaves of her book.

"Reading, Kate? What book may it be?"

"Headley's Life of Josephine. I got it from the library. I have read 'The Lives of Celebrated Women' too. I tell you, Jenny," she said, sitting up in bed and looking at me, "every body do n't live as we do. I never expect to be great and noted like them I have been reading about, but I do not think it is fair we should always be kept with our noses on the grindstone. Walter Gray offered to lend me the British Poets, and he says it is real choice reading, Scott's, Gray's, and all them; you know we used always to choose their verses to read when we went to school. I might get more time to read if it was not for that endless spinning. There is n't another girl around that does it. Grandmother thinks it a great accomplishment, but I would rather know something that is going on in the world."

"I know it, Kate, it seems as if we were a part of some great machine, whirling around and around and never stopping. What it is all for I am sure I do n't know."

The usual sounds from the kitchen brought the repining Kate and myself to our duties. After breakfast I saw sis dancing off in the direction of Mr. Gray's, but did not mistrust her errand till, on going up to our room, I saw "British Poets" lying on the table. The little eavesdropper had heard our morning chat. On questioning her she said "Walter brought it as far as the gate, for she had the kitten on one arm, and he was going right by to get a wagon-wrench at the blacksmiths." After that there was generally some interesting book at hand, and Kate would read sometimes by early daybreak, at others by lamp-light when I slept. After a time grandmother began to think she did not altogether relish Walter's frequent visits. Kate and he were talking so much about the books. She owned Walter could cradle as wide a swathe or pitch hay as

fast as any other man, but somehow he was getting too much book nonsense into his head. She had heard him only the day before asking father to subscribe for a new monthly just out. Sometimes he would open the old-fashioned melodeon that stood in one corner of the dining-room and treat us to a song or march. It was the gift of aunt Ellen, but was never opened by any of the family except to dust or polish. Kate and I agreed that he was good company, but she wondered how he could find any interest in calling on us. One evening he was speaking of a great painting on exhibition in E., executed by a female artist.

"Well," said grandmother, looking up from her knitting, and speaking in a dignified tone, "I have always had to work, and never believed in women meddling with such things. I never found any honester way of getting a living than by my hands."

No more was said, except that Walter won a sly promise from Kate that he might take her to the picture gallery on the Fourth.

Well, we worked on and on. How well I remember that July, when we had harvest hands, mill hands, and the carpenters were new roofing the barn! It was terribly hot; the grass would crumple under your feet and the stones in the road blister if you touched them. Indoors we had extra cooking, baking, and washing. The old kitchen fire was up at furnace heat, and one forenoon I remember of musing to myself whether our brains were not cooked about as much as the dumplings. Grandmother said it was going to rain; the potatoes had boiled dry, and Sarah had seen the cat eat grass—a sure sign. She told the men so at dinner, and it was decided to dispense with nooning and go back at once to the field. The wheat must be drawn in before the rain. Walter was among the hands; as his father's place joined ours, the men often changed work. About three o'clock a cloud or two appeared, while the sun seemed fairly to scald. We could see the men hurrying to load the last row of shocks. There was a small lot near the barn, raked and bound but not set up. We could hear low thunder in the distance, and grandmother declared she could not stand it to see that wheat spoiled, and putting on our bonnets we all started out and went to carrying bundles and setting them up. I suppose we worked harder than we knew, for when the lot was about half done I saw Kate was very pale.

"Are n't you warm? see, the sweat fairly streams from my face," I said.

She put her hand to her head.

"I do n't sweat any, but bring me some water quick, Jenny."

I had gone but few steps when, turning, I saw her fall like one dead down on the stubble. Grandmother ran to her and raised her up. I screamed, and sent Sarah flying for water.

"Kate! Kate!" I called, "can't you speak?"

Her hands were icy cold. Just then I could hear the teams coming from the barn. Walter was ahead, and seeing Sarah run called to her, but the poor child could only scream, "Kate is dead, go quick!" Discovering us, he was there in a moment, chafing her hands and pouring water on her head. He told me he thought it was sun-stroke, and bade me help him; but we worked a long time before there were any signs of life. Father came pretty soon, and, learning the trouble, gathered her up with the tenderest concern, for it had begun to rain.

"Poor girl!" he said, "this is too hard for you, and this must never happen again," he added, rather sternly.

When she could speak she said she was cold, and we wrapped her up and gave stimulants, watching by her while the storm raged and the lightning flashed in at the window. Walter did not say much, but watched her anxiously as she lay on the lounge in her worn calico, the wet curls clustering around her pale face. We all feared overexertion would bring on a fever. "There was one thing for dear Kate, she could rest now. Work, work, work; it seemed like a hideous Juggernaut-car, ready to crush us beneath its wheels. How good it was to rest! Even sickness would be welcome if it brought that." These were my thoughts as I bathed her temples and gave the stimulants the doctor had ordered. She was better soon, and able in a day or so to resume her work. Father was very tender of her, and even grandma grew a little easier, though she said if Kate had only been used to it it would not have hurt her; somehow girls did n't learn to toughen themselves now a days.

But grandmother was taken suddenly sick. The disease was fever, and it was sad to see that iron frame struggling with it and rendered helpless as an infant; though when the fever was on she thought herself strong, and in her delirium would direct about the work. We watched by her, and tried by every means to soothe and quiet her mind.

"See to the bread, girls, it will burn," she would say, or "hurry up the breakfast, the men must be in the lot by seven." "Here I lie doing nothing and the work suffering to be done."

"We will see that every thing is right; try and be quiet and rest now," I said; but the burden was upon her and she could not roll it off; she insisted that every thing must be going to destruction. The doctor had hopes, her constitution was strong and she might come out safe, but as the fever grew higher he looked doubtful. One night the watchers called us up; she was very low, and might not live till morning. Father and George were already there. Her breathing was very labored, and she seemed to suffer much. Yes, I felt that grandmother was going to leave us, and somehow it seemed wrong and hard to have it so. I had heard of resigned, peaceful old age, waiting patiently for the great change. But she had always worked so hard and taken so little comfort, and now to be snatched so suddenly away with no thoughts or anxieties beyond life seemed dreadful. At least was there no one to talk with her of dying, of Christ, of heaven? I remembered how father used to read in the Bible and sometimes talk with us about such things, and how we used all to sing before he prayed in the morning,

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear."

But that was a long time ago. I think father thought of it too, for he glanced toward the stand where the Bible lay. Grandmother opened her eyes and looked around.

"You are up late," she said, "you had better go to bed, for we have got all that wool to pick over to-morrow. Get your knitting while we are waiting, and, Jenny, bring me the reel."

Sarah sobbed aloud and father groaned to himself. At times she would sink into a stupor, at others rouse herself and talk as before. Thus we watched through the saddest night I ever saw. The fever at last abated, leaving her prostrated with weakness, and slowly she began to get a little better; but it was a long time before she could sit up or talk much.

Through the long convalescence that followed she often appeared to be in a deep thought; sometimes I saw traces of tears, and we soon found that grandmother was changed. I was bathing her face and hands one morning. She held them up.

"These hands have been resting," she said; "they have served me constantly for more than fifty years, but I lived too much on them. Jenny, my child, on this sick-bed my poor body has suffered, but the struggle I had in my mind before I could give up my work was dreadful. It was like death to lie here and

suffer when I wanted to be doing; but the Lord has been teaching me a lesson."

It tired her to talk, and I begged she would stop; but we could all see that she was indeed changed. Though never strong as before, Kate and I found it easy to do the work, so gentle and considerate she was, without any of the old hurry and drive. The first morning she was able to come to the table all the hands were called in, and father read and prayed in the wide old kitchen where there was room for all, and this was never omitted again.

After this—what shall I call it?—transformation I doubt whether there were many happier families than our own. The work went on as orderly as ever, but after an uncommonly hard day there was always some little recreation planned, a ride, or a visit, perhaps company asked in. One day I was dusting the melodeon. Grandma said "there was no use in that thing standing there idle; if Kate and I wanted to learn to play on it we might; that is, if you can find any body to teach you," she added to Kate archly. Kate had a sweet voice, and learned to play so rapidly we soon had considerable music, especially when Walter was there to put in the bass, and we always sang some old tune on purpose for grandma before we stopped.

Four peaceful years she lingered with us, and when next the death angel came she gladly folded her hands for the heavenly rest. Father is gray-headed now; his son has been laid a sacrifice upon our country's altar, but little sis, grown to be a woman, is a constant comfort and blessing. As for Walter, he reared him a cottage not far from the old homestead, and the wife that he took is talented and accomplished, and that she is a good housekeeper I know, for she is my own sister Kate. The old homestead is far away now, but I expect to see it soon, when "our sis" shall give herself away, as she promised, to a "boy in blue," who has been fighting under the old flag far beyond the old Mississippi.

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THE cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weight and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where is the forge of deceits and slanders, and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such and no other can come out. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

### THE INCARNATION OF THOUGHT.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

THOUGHT necessitates some form of expression. It will bear no prisoning. It is forever emanating from the inner chambers of the soul, clothed in its various forms of significant representation. Statuary and painting are vivid interpretations of the artist's thought. Years after death has palsied his hand and stilled the busy laboratory of his brain the soul still talks eloquently to us through his chiseled marble or his colored canvas.

And how the soul will pour out itself in music! Upon its stream, amid its whirling eddies, its gentle waves, its rippling currents, and its surging billows, is cast the whole burden of the heart's deep quiet, of its sorrow, and its exultant joy. And not less intelligible is the language of the human countenance. Thought carves the features and chisels the lineaments into an unmistakable chiography which "he who runs may read." Many a phase of heart-history is revealed in the brow's deep, hard lines and in the eye's sad dreaminess. Many a shade of meaning may be read in the varied peculiarities of smiles. Laughter is the expression of the soul's exuberance of joy, and the beautiful language of grief is tears.

Words are our most-used medium of communication, though often indistinct and unintelligible. With what painful failures our brightest thoughts seek expression in this our commonest language! How soulless our ideas seem to us after they have been spoken or written! Mere skeletons when compared with the living thoughts of our minds! Yet sometimes a master-hand will make words unwieldy to common men the easy vehicle of the most delicate or the most weighty thought. And as human thought is an ever-radiating principle, not less, indeed, in the mind of God does it ever live cloistered. The living delicacy and gorgeousness of those gardens of our earth which we have left unmantled of their heavenly naturalness are expressions of God's thoughts, a materialized and animated emanation of the Divine Mind. The universe is the language of God, full of strange and beautiful revelations to those who choose to read it. The starry canopy of night is an eloquent, illuminated letter to us from our great Father. All the radiant worlds in the distant sky are words of God. Thus he talks with us.

But the distinctest word God ever spoke was Christ. He was God's ideal vivified; his

thought made flesh. God condescended to translate his truth into this medium of communication because the incarnated truth is the only medium through which we can apprehend the Divine idea. Christ was in a living form an illustration of the abstract truth of God, because our dimmed spiritual vision could never have seen a less distinct and material expression. God's truth must assume the drapery of flesh and become tangible to us ere our gross natures would believe or even perceive it.

And as Christ is the distinctest expression of God's mind, so the incarnation of our thoughts in our lives is the clearest manifestation of our minds. We may force our actions to become the true exponents of our character. We may animate in the minutiae of our daily life all the forms of beauty that flit past us so tauntingly, all the earnest, strong thoughts that haunt us so as we sit down in the cool, shadowy places of earth, where its business sounds have died away. We may personify all of heaven there is within us in our outer lives.

But action does not always correspond with our thoughts, nor is it a clear indication of our feelings. Alas! the heart and head have each a different creed; that of the man himself is like a chemical compound, different from either, though a combination of both. How many things the heart trusts to which the lordly head does not assent, and how many theories of the mind there are which the heart does not make practical! The heart will pall the face and palsy the limbs influenced by superstition, while the mind says imperiously, "There is no truth in dreams and signs." The mind, looking far into the future, impels us ever to follow unfalteringly the straight path of right, never deviating for mountains of difficulties or chasms of danger, nor loitering in the shadowy, music-haunted groves, but the heart lives in the present, bids us turn aside for all the lions in the way, and seeks to keep us long amid the alluring sounds of pleasure.

And perhaps this is one of the principal things which distinguish between great and little men that the heart and mind agree. They feel all that they think, they think all they feel. Their hearts make the fine theories of the head practical, its beautiful dreams realities. But among common men, though the mind assents to the truth that the glorious rewards of eternity are alone worth our caring, the heart does not feel it, and the days are filled with troubled thoughts about the merest trifles. Though they know that 't is better to

be free, that 't is their glorious right to walk through earth calmly, trustingly with open brow and fearless eye, the child of God, yet they do not feel it, and their hearts bind them in "the icy chains of custom." They are agitated by the world's slightest taunt, they fear its senseless criticism, they never appreciate their glorious paternity. Many before Socrates *thought* the laws should be revered. Very few have been kept within the prison bars because they *felt* it. We all believe in the sovereignty of God. How many of us *feel* it so that in the dark hour of personal danger or bereavement, amid the painful ambiguity that sometimes rests upon our country's future, in all the strange intricacies in our path of life, and in its final apparent failure, can calmly, even cheerfully, say with all the inspiration of the glorious truth, "The Lord reigneth?"

As this perfect sympathy of heart and mind is one of the characteristics of greatness, so it is the only thing that can make the outer life a clear expression of our life of thought within, the only thing that can enable us to incarnate in our lives the truths we believe. The life is sometimes better, oftener worse, than one's creed, because the life is directed sometimes by the commands of the heart, sometimes by the diverse mandates of the head, and oftener modified by both. But when the heart believes what the head thinks, the life is the creed illustrated in the flesh, and the expression of all there is glorious within us.

All thoughts must have, we have said, some expression. Yet we imagine we have glorious dreams that have been transformed neither into song or word, into colors or marble, much less embodied in action. But they were not living thoughts. The heart must animate, else the effusions of the head are lifeless and inefficient. When the heart has ceased to offer opposite counsel to the dictates of reason, character is no longer ambiguous, eloquent words do not contradict the life. For the heart and mind, prompting always the same action, the whole character is harmonious, the different modes of expression sympathetic. The outward life of manner becomes then a reflection of the thought and feeling within, and our lives are the incarnation of our belief.

It has been said that when we have once spoken an idea it is no longer ours. We have lost just so much life and vital energy. Whether this rather mystical language be true or not, it will, perhaps, be acknowledged that, though thought demands language of some kind, when ideas are *spoken* they will be less likely to be *lived*, for they spend their capacity of excite-

ment in *word* expression, seeking often no other manifestation—one reason, perhaps, why great talkers have been so often called such little workers.

Truth has been called cold. How eloquent it is when it has long lain so close to the heart that it has been warmed by an imparted life! Still more beautiful and thrilling is it when it is *lived* before us, when an exalted character becomes to us a living illustration, clearer far than words could give, of truth's nicest shades of meaning. How many mysteries have been explained to us in the distinct characters of daily action! Many an atheist's laugh has mocked at Christianity till its glorious truths have been illustrated before him in the life of some one unconsciously preaching the Gospel. The truth has been eloquent in the cheerfully-enduring smile, in persecution, in the high, calm brow, the signet of an unshackled heart in attempted slavery.

And this expression is denied no one. Though we can not eloquently preach the truths our hearts hold so warmly, though we can not sing, or paint, or carve our heart-history, should we be poets "wanting the accomplishment of verse," though we can not even write or speak the truth that is the basis of our spiritual life, yet we may all *live* our beautiful and noble thoughts. These thoughts thus incarnated in our life have their most distinct and their most eloquent expression. The world understands them then most clearly, hears them most willingly, and obeys them most cheerfully.

There is an old Greek legend of the sculptor Pygmalion, who spent many long years in vain efforts to express in marble his highest conceptions of beauty. The works of his chisel were the admiration of all beholders, but to him they were only sad failures, as none of them succeeded in realizing his high ideal. At last there stood before him a complete representation of his dream of beauty. Enamored of the work of his own genius, he begged the gods to give it life, and in answer to his prayer his beautiful statue stood before him a living woman. She was his dream of loveliness incarnated—made flesh.

Are we less favored than the Grecian artist? Our voices may not reach Olympus when we pray, but we may gain the gift, though in another way, for which Pygmalion begged so earnestly. We may be ourselves the statue animate. We may come out by the slow cultivation of years our highest ideal of moral excellence. We may illustrate in our outer lives our purest conceptions of spiritual loveliness.

But not only our most glorious privilege but our most fearful necessity is the incarnation of thought. For not only do beautiful ideas make lovely features, but the work of an evil thought is deformity. Not only does every noble motive, every true conception leave a touch of loveliness upon the life, but this same expressive life of ours must carry in blots, and stains, and ugly marks the trace of every sinful or unworthy motion. Thus our daily life is the incarnation of all our actual thoughts.

#### THE PEWS AND THE PULPIT.

WHEN the Church is far from God her spiritual discernment has ceased to be quick, and there is a demand made for illustration, elaboration, and explication which she did not need when things were better with her. Nay, more, the same efforts which in a time of religious revival excited the deepest interest now seem flat and stale. Every one has noticed something analogous to this in his own experience. How has, perhaps, a page of Baxter glowed with celestial light at one time, while at another you wonder what could have given it any interest to your mind. So with the hearer; those presentations of truth which would once have deeply moved him, quickened as he was and illuminated by the tongue of fire which rested unseen upon him, now appear weak and contemptible. He is indisposed to hear as he is unable to appreciate the truth in its garb of Scriptural simplicity; he craves something different, something which shall have an outward attractiveness of ornament or dress. The preacher must be more than human not to feel this. Yet the same work is upon him, he must keep alive the attention and hold if possible the interest. But how shall it be done? Only by increased intellectual effort. He must supply the hearer's lack of piety and consequent want of spiritual insight by his own mental energy. He stands before his audience in another aspect, not now as God's ambassador, but as the people's entertainer. The truths which he utters are listened to with feelings wholly different from those which moved the people in other and better days, they are now to be borne along with him; once they would have pressed forward under the impulse of heart devotion, now he must carry them forward, if they move at all, by his own arm. What a temptation is here for the preacher to commend himself not to every man's conscience in the sight of God, but to every man's intellect and taste in his own sight!

## LES FEMMES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

I AM going to write an article expressly for women. There will be nothing in it that needs to be considered by any man living, and the strong sex are respectfully requested to omit it. Not that they are expected to do so. Every one who reads the request will straightway read on to the end of the paper. That is human nature, or inherent curiosity, which amounts to the same thing.

We do not ask for a chance all by ourselves, because we lack the deference or affection due to our brothers, but we can talk more freely with closed doors. We shall utter no heresy and get up no gunpowder plot. We shall form no secret organization, because nature has so happily constituted us that we can keep our own counsel without being leagued together for the purpose. But we want to have a plain talk with each other, and we will "make believe" that there is not a man within hearing.

Close at hand our hall of council opens its doors to us. It is of Nature's own architecture, and shows on either hand the finishing touches of the artist's skill. Lofty trees arch above us, velvet mosses carpet the broad, green aisles. It is away from the stiff walks of every-day life, from the unnatural restraints which cripple our best powers. There is room to think, and the very air invites to reflection. Yet there is nothing silent amid the silence. The trees rustle, the stream utters its silver song, and even the ferns by the base of the rock are whispering to each other as they lean over the water.

Being assembled, there is a fact which interests us at the outset. There are a great many of us. We have a handsome majority any where, whether at home, on the street, or in any places of public resort which are open to both sexes. Before the war broke out there were nearly forty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts alone, and though it is probable that no other State exhibited such a disproportion of the beautiful, yet women were "dreadful plenty" in all the New England and the Middle States.

The gold fever affected all classes, and it nearly drained the masculine element from many places. Small villages began to number their old maids by the score. Not because these old maids were not attractive, or well fitted to become wives and mothers, but because the husbands made for them "were not," for the gold mania "took them."

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The war has not improved the matter. The whole land mourneth over its slain sons. The bereaved widows, mothers, sisters, and betrothed maidens count their tens of thousands, and multitudes of brave and loving female hearts must, perforce, go down to their graves in sorrow and in loneliness. It must be so. God gives us our burdens to bear, and not to be rejected or cast aside.

So the question comes up to every thoughtful female mind, what can be done to make this unquestionable evil more endurable? Our natural protectors are taken from us. What can we do for ourselves? Have we power equal to the emergency? Delightful as it is to lean on the strong arm and loving breast of a devoted husband or brother, there is no feeling so irksome to our sex as a dependence upon the other where we have no natural claim. The feminine heart responds fervently to the sentiment that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The sense of being burdensome is a species of refined torture, and few women will weakly submit to it.

In this disposition to aid ourselves lies our chief strength. Underlying the timid grace and clinging trust of a woman's nature is a strong foundation of self-reliance and general ability which only needs some stern necessity to prove it. How often has the fragile, drooping figure and ethereal loveliness of the tenderly-cared-for wife been forced into vigorous beauty and glorious usefulness by the blow which has laid her earthly prop in the dust and roused her to the necessity of summoning all her faculties and bringing all her resources into action! She is a woman still, and more beautiful than ever in the moral heroism and unaccustomed strength of her character. Thoughtless people point out with sneers the renewed charms of the bereaved widow. Few comprehend the truth or know how to render the homage due to those graces which nothing but heart-wringing sorrow can develop.

It is true, then, that we are morally though not physically strong—strong enough to stand alone in all the world and work our way single-handed if God wills it. What hinders us? What keeps the majority of us so dependent, so almost helpless? Why are our lives so aimless? False pride has a great deal to do with it. We fail to comprehend the true dignity of labor. We do not understand that laziness, however elegant, has no elevating power, that vanity can not ennoble us. The listless, haughty indifference of manner which ignores active usefulness and scorns the hands browned and hardened by toil, seems scarcely

worth the pains taken to acquire it when we reflect that there is nothing which gives one such true dignity, such real nobility as humility. Ah, this false pride! How it spoils us! Let us rise above it at once and forever. It is unworthy of us. It degrades us. In opposition to it, how sweetly appears that high-bred humility, that simplicity of speech and manner which compels one's faith in our sincerity!

It has been said that a woman's strength is in her weakness. That may be true in a sense, but it is not intellectual weakness that gives us strength. We are not strong in proportion to our imbecility. And the weak fear of lowering our social position by positive labor, by soiling our hands if necessary, is certainly no tonic. What is the timid weakness worth which is ashamed to be seen lifting one of the lightest of life's burdens? Our genuine womanhood is fairly thrust out of sight; it is hidden and smothered beneath the countless trappings of our soulless fine ladyism, and multitudes of us are content to go through life and appear in the final judgment before our Maker without having consciously performed a useful action.

Well, the times are fast furnishing an antidote for all this. The majority of these elegant helpless ones *must* stir now. Vulgar as it sounds, they must earn their living. Manna will no longer be rained down gratis. All the selfishness in the world will avail nothing or make the inevitable struggle with the times come easy. Those who have fed on roses and slept among the lilies have a new and a better experience before them. For the work which is a necessity becomes a rich blessing also. There is nothing that will so soon give tone to the weak nerves and common-sense to the weak brain. It was appointed us by the wisdom of God, who commands us, "Six days shalt thou labor." Just think of our fallen human nature fearing degradation by obeying the mandate of the infinite Creator! Why, our hope, our salvation, so far as every-day life is concerned, lies in labor. Let us fairly take in this one fact, that the most of us must necessarily look out for ourselves, that we have a natural ability to do this without sacrificing any of the delicacy and refinement of our sex, that scarcely one in a dozen can hope for the sheltered haven of married life, and we have taken one step toward securing a happy independence. Let us believe, in spite of the romances and novels, that we can be comfortable and enjoy ourselves without being married.

Not that we can in any other sphere attain

the felicity of happy married life. That is impossible. Gifted writers may satirize the relation and burlesque the responsibilities and annoyances that seem to grow out of it; but that does not alter the fact that a true woman who is mated as well as married, is in the possession of a perennial fountain of joy and contentment of which her single sister has no conception. It is no small wealth to hold possession of a pure and loving heart, and to feel that your wellbeing is its first and dearest object; to be permitted daily companionship with a strong and noble nature, and to repose in undoubting trust on its integrity and faithfulness; to experience that sacred blending of interests, of taste and feeling which so completely make of the twain but one. This point need not be argued, for there is not a single daughter of Eve who does not agree with me in her inmost soul.

But all married people are not mated, and the marriage ceremony itself is no security for happiness. The most miserable women on earth are among those who have married without true affection for the sake of a home, or position, or, more foolishly still, from the fear of being old maids. They do not deserve to be happy. They have perjured themselves and taken up burdens too heavy for mortal shoulders. If there is a spot on earth akin to the place of torment prepared for the devil and his angels, it must be found in those homes where no unselfish love, no true union of spirit sanctifies the legal bond of marriage. I am glad that it is so. I am glad that such hypocrites, untrue to all delicacy, false to womanhood as they are, can not sit boldly down at the matrimonial board and feast upon its heavenly dainties.

There are many ill-assorted, unhappy marriages which can be directly traced to the effect of our light popular literature. Disparity in age, taste, habits, etc., are all represented in fiction as succumbing to the mighty power of love. Love is not the proper word; *fancy* would be better, but love is the word used. The picture as it is drawn would appear well enough if we did not see its falsity. All the skill of the artist can not hide what is untrue to nature or cover what is revolting. We feel while gazing upon it that the freshness and bloom of youth finds no fitting companionship with mature age; we know it is not seemly to marry "Beauty" to "The Beast." Fast-coming years will bring to girlhood a rich and beautiful maturity, while they precipitate age with its wrinkles, toothless gums, hoary head, and tottering gait down the declivity of life to the

grave. Neither party can stand still, and every year makes the disparity more evident. We pity the disappointed young heart which, awaking from its false dream, is forced to accept stern reality in the place of its sweet romance.

But where no such apparent dissimilarity foreshadows trouble and sorrow, there are still other marriages with which love has little or nothing to do. The gay and undisciplined youthful imagination is full of the wedding ceremony, the bridal dresses, the temporary eclat of the affair. It would be pleasant to have all these without a husband, but that is impossible, and so the incumbrance is reluctantly submitted to. Let us hope that such unions are rare, and rejoice that no thoughtful woman thus becomes a wife.

In women the intellect is in close association with the affections. They may be said to reason with the feelings. They know nothing of cold intellectuality. The pathetic or passionate is a part of the feminine nature; it is the key-note to all her romance. I glory in this trait, and I have no patience with women who wish to be men. True womanly strength has its root in the heart rather than the brain. It is founded in love, love that reaches out of itself and seeks to aid and bless others. A real woman must of necessity love something or somebody, but it does not follow that she must be always tossing her head back to get a glimpse of the heaven of wedded life, like a chicken drinking. It is not true that she can not be fully developed except in the character of a wife or mother. She gets a healthy growth wherever she finds a field for the exercise of active goodness and unselfish philanthropy.

An idea sometimes gets into her head that she is not understood by those around her, that the finer chords of her nature are shocked by the dissonance of ruder harmonies, and she looks out anxiously for sympathy and congeniality. Not finding it, she straightway creates for herself an ideal, it may be an ideal husband, and marries him spiritually while waiting for his manifestation in the flesh. In the matrimonial lottery a blank comes oftener than a prize to either sex, and in many cases it were better to continue the baseless dream than to behold the reality.

For the vanishing of our ideal is to us a real loss. It is like the death of a dear friend. Day by day we adorn the character of a loved friend or brother, adding pure graces and noble attractions which may be quite foreign to the nature of the person so adorned till to our eyes the image of goodness or greatness is perfected

and becomes a living, breathing personification of all manly virtues. And when the clay idol crumbles and the ruin reveals its coarse anatomy and awkward proportions, and we drape ourselves with mourning to weep over what "might have been," we begin at once to lay the foundation for another ideal creation of excellence. If our vivid imaginative powers could but be toned down so as to show us only the real in life it would save us much bitter grief and disappointment, but it would also rob us of much enjoyment.

We will not discuss marriage any longer, though we confess to a desire to see every woman in the land both mated and wedded. There still remains a mighty host of us who must live single, who can not get married if we would. But we can be happy if we will. Yes, happy and useful. Admired and beloved, cherished and respected.

There is an atmosphere of purity about the real woman. She has no fellowship with the unclean. Vulgarity puts on an outside coat to hide its deformity before it ventures into her presence. The standard of true womanhood towers above whatever is low and groveling; it floats on the pure breezes of the skies. In all the best enterprises of the day, in all the endeavors to ameliorate pain, to relieve the unfortunate, to exalt the lowly, to reform the erring, the banner of our sex is conspicuous, and it is always in the front.

The fancied helplessness and clinging dependence of our sex make up a pretty theory, but the practical working of it is ruin. We have not the physical strength, we have not the manly boldness and vigor of our brothers, but we have loving endurance, tireless patience, unwearied perseverance, and if we are true to ourselves we have the mighty power of unselfishness. A selfish woman is an unnatural growth. I do not think God ever meant to create one.

While I would humbly counsel all that self-reliance and wholesome activity of mind and body which will secure and maintain a dignified independence, I have no thought of sympathy, no feeling of congeniality with those "strong-minded females" who assert their position by defying man. It is our nature to look up to something or somebody, and it is God who has implanted in us a deference for the stronger sex.

Why should we rebel against it? As single women we often need a brother's helping hand. We need the protecting influence of manly authority in all our undertakings, and how generously and promptly it is rendered! The

soldiers who fall upon the battle-field are inspired with the hope of defending our liberties, of shielding the home fireside where their mothers, wives, and sisters are the honored deities.

What do we require of men? They can not marry us all were they ever so benevolently disposed, for there is not enough of them. Some of them, poor fellows, have been married a good deal already. But they will reach out strong hands to help us; they will be affectionate brothers and chivalrous friends if we will let them. The woman who turns scornfully away from such helpful association with them as God has made proper, who delights in satirizing whatever points in the masculine character will admit of caricature, is no true woman. She is not so deep but that a novice in observation can read her. She wants to be married, and spitefully depreciates the grapes she can not reach.

Numberless roads to position and competence open before us, but in them all we need the help and countenance of the other sex. We want their counsel, their sympathy, their approbation, their friendship. They will not mistake our claims upon their superior strength if we make them frankly. No true gentleman will misunderstand our desire to be aided over the hills of difficulty which we have not strength to surmount alone. There are coarse masculine as well as coarse feminine natures, but we will not apply to them.

I need not say to my sisters that we need especially to "look up unto the hills from whence cometh our strength." A woman with no religious trust is a sad anomaly. Underlying every other sentiment in our hearts should be our reverence for "the great God, the creator of heaven and earth." Swelling above every human affection should be the love which goes out to the Heavenly Father. We should bow with unquestioning faith before the altar of eternal truth, for we can attempt all things, endure all things, accomplish all things possible to our sex if, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." True religion, heart-felt and active religion, is the apotheosis of womanhood.

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We must be smitten with the rod of God; but in the midst of judgment God remembers mercy, and makes the rod to be medicinal, and, like the rod of God in the hand of Aaron, to shoot forth buds, and leaves, and almonds, hopes, and mercies, and eternal recompenses in the day of restitution.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

### MARGARET DE VALOIS.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

FRANCIS I had a dear sister whom he delighted to call his "darling," and she returned his affection with equal tenderness. The mutual resemblance of these two noted personages was as marked as their mutual affection. A long, slightly-aquiline nose, a large, gentle eye, and a fine, smiling mouth were the striking features of each.

Margaret was the senior by two years. Born in 1492, she was educated at court under the care of Louis XII and his queen, the estimable Anne of Brittany. She had for the instructors of her childhood and youth the first savans of the age. At this epoch of the revival of letters in France classical learning became the object of passionate fondness and indefatigable toil, so eager were men to draw supplies from this long-forgotten fountain. The new art of printing also lent its aid to the movement which it heralded, and, drawing forth from their tombs of dust the ancient authors of Greece and Rome, it sent them out to the world accompanied by the most learned commentaries. In those days, too, when literature was taken up as a pursuit it was done thoroughly. Women especially were either quite ignorant or else they pursued learning much further than do most women of the present day. Margaret is an example in point. Her education was far more extensive than that of an accomplished woman in our times; it was that of a savant. She not only spoke Italian, Spanish, English, and German, but she understood Latin, Greek, and even Hebrew. Well fitted by her personal charms and her amiable disposition to grace the court, she was equally capable of taking rank with the profoundest literary men of her day, and she delighted in surrounding herself with them.

Margaret's hand was early sought in marriage, first by Charles V while he was yet only king of Spain, and afterward by the Constable de Bourbon, but at the age of fifteen she was given to her cousin, Charles d'Alençon. This prince was not worthy of her either in character or mental ability; but the two saw very little of each other. The Duke, invested with a military authority which he owed more to his birth than to his talents, was often called to the field, while Margaret remained at court or at the Chateau d'Alençon, where she formed the center of a small literary circle and pursued her favorite studies.

After her brother ascended the throne Mar-

garet acquired great influence at court. "Her conversation was such," says Brantome in his "Illustrious Women," "that the foreign ambassadors were fascinated with her, and carried home glowing reports of her to their own nations. This put it in her power greatly to assist the king her brother, for very often, after having announced to him the principal object of their mission, the ambassadors went to seek her, and sometimes, when important business was in hand, the king would send them to her to await his final decision. Francis had also a well-merited confidence in his sister's ability, and often consulted her on public matters of no small moment.

During this period Margaret became noted as a writer. A number of stories afterward published in the "Heptameron" made their appearance about this time. The tone of their morality, we are sorry to say, can not be commended. But in passing judgment upon them the style of those times must be taken into consideration. These tales of gallant adventures, or something worse, contained nothing that then shocked the taste of the most refined. Expressions were commonly used in those days that now never fall from the pen of a lady. Besides this, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné contends, and brings quite an array of evidence to show that the Heptameron was not Margaret's work, that it owed its origin to one Desperius, her gentleman of the chamber. He admits, however, that she might have composed some of the more harmless of the stories in her early life. In that case the whole may have been subsequently ascribed to her on account of this partial authorship. We should be glad to believe that this was the true state of the case; and, indeed, her perfectly-blameless life in the midst of so dissolute a court and with so dissolute a mother as Louisa of Savoy, justifies our leaning to the more favorable opinion.

The literary character of her writings was of a high standard, and attracted much attention at the time of their publication. The style of her prose is pleasant and natural. She is one of the earliest French authors that merit this praise. The genius of the language lent itself with easy grace to her lighter writings, but she found it less adapted to the expression of serious and elevated thought. Others have met with the same difficulty. The instrument is too feeble to sound the higher notes. The most important of her poems is "le Miron d'une Ame Pécheresse"—The Mirror of a Guilty Soul—a long mystical expansion of sixteen or seventeen hundred lines. She wrote other serious poems and some

lighter ones, as well as some Scriptural dramas, of which more anon.

Into all this pleasant life came the sad news of the disaster of Pavia, in February, 1525. The Duke d'Alençon, commanding a corps under Francis, was seized with a panic in the very height of the struggle and fled, drawing with him the cavalry rear guard, and making the already threatening discomfiture inevitable. The king was taken prisoner and carried to Spain, and the Duke was so overwhelmed with shame that he took to his bed and died at Lyons in less than two months.

Margaret was roused from the gloom of this double misfortune by the information that her brother was sick, pining in his prison at Madrid like a caged lion. She resolved to go to him to comfort him, to nurse him, and perhaps to negotiate for his release. She beguiled the tedium of her journey by composing verses, some of which are considered the best that ever fell from her pen. One poem, too long for quotation, which she styles "Thoughts, etc.," gives a most vivid idea of her tender, sisterly anxiety. She declared that she must give utterance to her grief. If it could be clothed in words eye never saw so sad a tale; but her tears, and sighs, and crying are her only rhetoric. She pours out the most impassioned prayers to the great Physician for the restoration of her brother's health and liberty, and dwells upon the joy such an event would give his family and his people. She pictures the delighted reception she would give the courier who might bring her good news from the king. Then more cheerfully she urges on the men and horses, and ends with somewhat lengthened expressions of the most confiding trust in an overruling Providence.

To the royal captive the coming of his dearly-beloved sister was like a heavenly visit from the angel of consolation, and he was soon restored to health and cheerfulness. Her negotiations for his release, however, were not so successful, and she uttered some severe threats to the very face of the Emperor. After procuring a safe conduct for her return, she tried to effect the escape of her brother by a secret artifice, but failed. She was then obliged to make the utmost haste, and she barely succeeded in reaching the frontier before the expiration of her safe conduct.

When at last her brother was released she bestowed her hand on Henri d'Albret, who had been his faithful friend and valiant companion in arms. This was done from public motives, and to please her brother rather than from her own inclination. Henri was scarcely

twenty-four years old, while she was nearly thirty-five. He was, perhaps, a better man, warrior, and sovereign than her first husband, but he had not that fine polish of manner and cultivation of intellect that would have made him her equal. In his own right he was king of Navarre, a small realm lying on both sides of the Pyrenees—though a large portion of it had been seized by Spain—and Margaret brought with her several duchies and counties. The people over whom she was called to reign welcomed her with great rejoicings, and she and her husband applied themselves with much success to the improvement of their domains.

But Margaret's religious life and development is to us the most interesting topic. While she was yet shining in all the splendor of her grace and wit at the court of her brother, she heard the first movements of that new religious life which was beginning to stir the nations of Europe. Lefevre and Farel, Roussel and Bricconnet had by degrees come to a knowledge of the truth, and had begun to disseminate it among others. Lords and ladies talked about the new doctrines, and, indeed, Bricconnet himself—Count William of Montbrun, Bishop of Meaux—was already her intimate friend. The beauties of an inner spiritual life had peculiar attractions for one so pure of heart as Margaret. She soon learned to love the Bible, and to profit by its teaching. She conversed on holiness with Bricconnet, and endeavored to realize its power in her own heart. Her description of her own spiritual state has all the unction of the most confirmed evangelism:

"By spirit noble, yet by nature serf,  
Of heavenly seed—begotten here on earth;  
God's temple, wherein things unclean find room;  
Immortal, and yet hastening to the tomb;  
Though led by God, in earthly pastures roving,  
Shrinking from ill, yet sinful pleasures loving,  
Cherishing truth, yet not to truth conformed;  
Long as my days on earth prolonged are,  
Life can have naught for me but constant war."

For her emblem she adopted the marigold—some say the daisy—which ever looks toward the sun, with the legend, "*Non inferiora secutus*"—"Not following worldly things"—upon which it was gossiped about that she favored the notions of Luther. But Francis loved her too well to be very exacting, and she pursued the even tenor of her way, shining like a star of heavenly luster, favoring so far as possible the evangelical reforms and surrounding herself with those who held evangelical truths. Carrying with her the same weight of influence which she exerted in other mat-

ters, she was well fitted to accomplish great good. At her request, Bishop Senlis, the confessor of the king, translated the Latin prayers of the Church into the common tongue, and when published she distributed copies of the work at court. It was well received there as an attractive curiosity, but it drew down the prohibition of Parliament. The Sorbonne ventured to condemn the long poem already referred to, written by the Princess herself; but Francis, always jealous of the dignity of the royal family, demanded a retraction. The learned doctors excused themselves for what they had done by alleging that the first edition had appeared without the author's name. To take refuge for this humiliation the faculty and students of one of the colleges got up a farce, into which they introduced the "Protectress of Heretics" as one of the Furies, and they did not hesitate to attack with stones the guard which Francis sent to disperse them. Some of them might have been punished severely for this, but the gracious Princess, whom they had so grossly insulted, interceded for them and obtained their pardon.

But matters were not always to proceed thus smoothly. The germ of liberty inherent in Protestantism was more displeasing to the despotic Francis than any articles of religious faith, but he used either party as best suited his purpose. This explains why he leagued with the Lutheran princes of Germany against his Catholic enemy, Charles V, and gave his hand to Protestants in England, while he fought them in France. In fact, his persecutions at first were mere concessions to the demands of the Sorbonne and to the prejudices of the people. This fact made it easy for Margaret to show an active sympathy with the sufferers in the first bursts of persecution. "This gentle princess," says a Catholic writer of those times, "had nothing more at heart for nine or ten years than to shield those upon whom the king wished to execute justice." She often interceded in their behalf, and tried by various strokes of policy to implant in her brother's soul some sympathy for the Lutherans. She used her influence in favor of Clement Marot, who was attached to her suite as valet de chambre. This venturesome and sarcastic poet had been imprisoned principally upon the accusation of eating pork in Lent. Through the intercession of Margaret he was set at liberty.

The Reformers in France were divided into two distinct parties on the question of entire separation from the Romish Church. One party, knowing the king's dislike to the monks,

hoped to be able yet, through the royal authority, to reform the abuses that had crept into the Church. They preferred to wait. The others looked upon the Church as past all hope of redemption, and they aimed at nothing less than entire separation from it. They condescended to no diplomacy for the sake of securing the good-will of the king. They favored prompt and decisive action, and when there arose great contention between the two parties they agreed to send and ask the advice of Farel and others of their leaders who had sought refuge in Switzerland. These good men, enjoying greater liberties, did not fully appreciate the difficulties that beset their brothers in Paris. They counseled immediate action, and Farel wrote out a bold and trenchant document attacking the mass and the dogma of transubstantiation, and daring the Papists to do their worst. Copies of this were to be posted up as placards in all public places and scattered in tract form in all the lanes, the streets, and the highways of the kingdom. The work was done thoroughly. They were especially affixed to the gates of the churches, of the Sorbonne, and of the Louvre, and one was placed even upon the door of the royal chamber. At this latter daring act Francis was greatly enraged. His royal dignity was insulted, and he cared more for that than for all the creeds in Christendom. The doctors of the Sorbonne were furious. The Parliament, convened in all its chambers, ordered a careful search for the posters of these placards, and offered the reward of one hundred crowns to any who would give information against them. The evangelicals were soon hunted out in every corner, and numbers of them were promptly sentenced and burned with all the horrors of the estrapado.

No one was more surprised by the appearance of these placards than Margaret, and she saw in them the ruin of all her plans and the destruction of all her hopes. Her hitherto affectionate brother was very angry with her, and this terrified her, and his harshness shocked all her tenderest sensibilities. Her enemies seized the favorable moment and accused her of complicity in the plot. She could then brave the tempest no longer, and she fled from the city. But some of the doctors went too far; they denounced Francis himself on account of his previous leniency. This softened his feelings toward his sister, thinking that she, too, might have been misrepresented, and he recalled her to Paris. She remained here for some time trying to ameliorate the sufferings of her friends, but she was not able to effect

much. The decree had gone forth. The blood-thirsty populace gloated in scenes of the greatest cruelty, and public burnings were witnessed by the king, the court, and the people with all the festivities of gala day. Those evangelicals who succeeded in eluding discovery crowded every avenue of escape, and at last Margaret, sick at heart, retired with a few friends to her new kingdom of Navarre.

Here she devoted herself publicly and privately to the welfare of her subjects and to the advancement of the evangelical cause so far as it lay in her power. Marot, who had been seriously compromised in the affair of the placards, was sheltered by her. Gerard Roussel was her chaplain. Lefevre and Etienne Dolet, who subsequently perished at the stake, were for some time her guests, and even Calvin and Melancthon visited her. The little court of Navarre kept open door for all those noble souls who had compromised their liberty by the free expression of their religious opinion. But while Margaret's court was thus the center of a wide-spread religious influence it was also a point of attraction to men of letters. Margaret numbered in her suite such men as Bonaventure Des Perriers, Claude Gruget, Antoine Du Moulin, and Jean de La Haye, the very elite among the beaux esprits of that epoch. With them she delighted in prolonging learned discussions, in rhyming, and in poetizing, so that her drawing-room was like a real Parnassus.

Unfortunately the tastes of Margaret, as we have remarked, were not very largely shared by the king, her husband. His coarse and uncultivated mind could not comprehend the nature of the purely-intellectual communion that existed between Margaret and her literary friends, and he indulged in some inexcusable fits of jealousy. Besides this, Henri d'Albret was not pleased to see his States become the refuge and his court the head-quarters of the new religionists. He feared that his alliance with France might suffer by it, and he knew not to what extent Margaret would go. He was told that she permitted the Lord's Supper in both kinds to be celebrated in her presence, and moreover that she frequently had preaching in her chamber. He burst in suddenly one day, designing to interfere with the latter service, but a faithful domestic had forewarned them, and preacher and audience had fled. So he vented his wrath upon his wife, and, slapping her face, exclaimed, "Madame, you wish to know too much." This excess of zeal, however, was poorly rewarded, for the indignation of Francis was thoroughly roused, and he

reprimanded Henri severely, bidding him remember the rank and dignity of the queen, his sister.

After this Margaret took more pains to conciliate her husband and to win him over. She thought, since he would not listen to preaching, she would teach him the reformed doctrines in another manner. She wrote a dramatic poem on the Birth of the Savior, and had it represented in the large drawing-room by some of the young ladies of her court. It was very well performed, and the select audience was highly delighted. The king was charmed, and Margaret took advantage of the auspicious moment to lead him still further. She eventually induced him to hear preaching and to partake of the Lord's Supper, and he became quite a champion of the Reformed faith.

But Margaret was not permitted to rest in the quiet of her own dominions. The fierce persecutors who were carrying out their cruel purposes all through France were greatly annoyed at the shelter and encouragement which she still extended to the oppressed, and some of the more violent among them ventured to denounce her before her brother. "Do not accuse her," said Francis, "she loves me too well to believe any thing that I do not believe, nor will she adopt any religion to the prejudice of my State." Still the matter was so urged upon him that he consented to summon her to Paris to answer for herself. But the judge before whom she had to appear was one softened by the most tender paternal affection, and to acquit herself she had only to assure him that she was still of the Catholic faith. After this she showed herself more cautious in her religious ventures even at home. Still she continued her correspondence with Calvin, and she encouraged Marot to render the Psalms into French verse. This book when published was condemned by the Sorbonne, and Marot was obliged to flee to a foreign land, where he died. This condemnation, however, was a special recommendation of the Psalms to the Reformed Church, by whom they were used for more than a century. They were then rejuvenated by various authors, and some of them are still favorites.

Margaret spent all the latter part of her life in her States, living in a simplicity and retirement that exactly suited her tastes, and some touching anecdotes are told of her private benevolence. She was a wise and gracious sovereign, and deserved the love and reverence that she received from her subjects. "No one," she would say, "ought to go away sorrowful from an interview with a prince. Kings and

princes are not the lords and masters of the poor; they are but the ministers whom God has ordained to succor and console them." She expired on the 21st of December, 1549, nearly three years after the death of her brother, by whose loss she had been greatly afflicted. She died as she had lived, in the Catholic faith, having never had the courage to break formally with the Romish Church. This indecisive attitude, this profession of a faith which she did not believe, has been the subject of numerous reproaches against Margaret, and it is very difficult to clear them entirely away. They remain as stains upon her otherwise amiable and irreproachable character. There are principles far above all human consideration which do not admit of temporizing or compromises. In marked contrast with this striking defect in Margaret stands out the brilliant character of her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, which we will consider in another paper.

#### LOST AND FOUND.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

Lost, lost in the river of death  
A maiden with golden hair;  
She was borne away on a Summer day,  
O, who can tell me where?  
Away from the light of our aching sight,  
From sob, and tear, and prayer;  
Lost, lost, lost, lost,  
O, who can tell me where?  
Eighteen years had the maiden lived;  
Shall we see her nevermore?  
O, look for her long, for the waves are strong,  
They may dash her on the shore;  
Once clasped to my heart we would never part  
Till this troublous life is o'er;  
Lost, lost, lost, lost,  
Shall we find her nevermore?  
Ye will know her quick by her long bright hair  
When she floateth up to sight;  
Her brow is as fair as a snow-flake pure,  
And her eyes have a tender light;  
On the fairest flower of our garden bower  
Fell soonest the cold, cold blight;  
Lost, lost, lost, lost  
To my aching, earthly sight.  
Found, found, by the angels found,  
Cast up on the other side;  
Forgive me, Lord, but it seemeth strange,  
And the river looked so wide,  
That I feared the child in the billows wild  
Would sink, for I saw no guide;  
But found, found, by the angels found,  
She is walking by thy side;  
O, lost and found,  
And forever crowned—  
Redeemed and sanctified!

## GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

Gloria in Excelsis!  
 The Lord Jehovah reigns!  
 The heavens reveal his glory,  
 The earth his grace proclaims!  
 Rejoice, rejoice ye people,  
 The cloudy pillar burns  
 For thee with wondrous brightness;  
 His hand the ocean turns  
 Back with its crimson waters,  
 And lo! a path is spread  
 Where thou shalt walk in safety  
 Deep in the ocean's bed.

Gloria in Excelsis!  
 Shall not the people sing  
 Until the highest arches  
 With glad thanksgivings ring?  
 Ay, unto God be glory,  
 Who gave our armies strength,  
 And on the field of carnage  
 The olive plants at length,  
 Whose leaves shall scatter blessings  
 Wherever they may fall,  
 The language of whose blossoms  
 Speaks freedom unto all.

Gloria in Excelsis!  
 It is a nation's song,  
 Lifted from tears and darkness  
 Where it hath waited long;  
 From many a lonely hearth-stone  
 On which the fire is dim,  
 Blending with sighs of sorrow,  
 And many a funeral hymn.  
 But God forgives the sorrow,  
 For lo! a Jesus wept  
 In sadness and compassion  
 Where lowly Lazarus slept.  
 And down by Southern rivers,  
 On many a battle plain,  
 There sleep a hundred thousand  
 For God and freedom slain.  
 Yet as we lay our tribute  
 Upon each hallowed grave,  
 We look to where our banner  
 Above doth proudly wave,  
 And praise the great Jehovah  
 Whose arm had power to save.

Gloria in Excelsis!  
 Hark, how the anthem swells  
 Grandly from booming cannon,  
 Sweetly from chiming bells!  
 From ocean unto ocean,  
 Again and yet again,  
 The hills break forth in singing,  
 The vales repeat the strain;  
 To God be highest glory  
 And everlasting song;  
 Unto the people gladness,  
 For they have sorrowed long;  
 Unto the people gladness  
 For agony and tears,

The crown of peace for mourning  
 Thro' all the coming years;  
 Freedom for every captive,  
 All honor to the brave,  
 And wreaths of sweetest flowers  
 For every soldier's grave;  
 A grander peal of music  
 O'er all the land and sea,  
 Wherever floats our banner,  
 The ensign of the free;  
 And unto God the anthem  
 That loving lips prolong,  
 Honor, and highest glory,  
 And everlasting song.

## AFTER THREE YEARS.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

I am so happy! so happy!  
 My heart is as glad as a bird's,  
 And the cry of its wild, wild joy  
 I can scarce frame into words;  
 There's a thrill of glad exultation,  
 And a gush of thanks unto God,  
 Who pitied me "like as a father"  
 When I bowed to the chastening rod,  
 And gave me my gift from the altar  
 Without requiring his blood.

I am so happy! so happy!  
 My heart is half wild with glee;  
 No more weary days of waiting,  
 No more nights of weeping for me,  
 For a manly form is beside me,  
 My head leans on a manly breast,  
 And the kiss of my soldier brother  
 On my quivering lips is pressed.  
 O, God, I thank thee! I thank thee!  
 Thou hast guided him back to his rest.

I am so happy! so happy!  
 Brother, dear brother, the years  
 That have passed since we met are forgotten,  
 With all their trials and tears,  
 It seems but yester morning  
 That I kissed you "good-by" at the door;  
 And now in the hush of evening  
 I welcome you home once more,  
 Just the same dear brown-cheeked brother  
 That I loved in the days of yore.

I am so happy! so happy!  
 Father, I trusted in thee,  
 And the truth of thy blessed promise  
 Thou hast sweetly fulfilled to me.  
 I thank thee, O God, for the trial  
 That taught me to leave all my care  
 At the mercy-seat of my Father,  
 Who helped me those trials to bear;  
 I thank thee that danger and hardships  
 Must yield to the power of prayer.

TALENTS are nurtured best in solitude,  
 But character on life's tempestuous sea.—Goethe.

CHRIST AS A REFORMER.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF PERE FELIX.

BY CORA A. LACROIX.

**G**REAT creations, before their execution, presuppose the union of these two things, a great idea and a strong will. Effective works spring only from the harmonious coöperation of these two powers. Strength of intellect without strength of will is abortive and sterile, while strength of will without strength of intellect only results in disaster and ruin. Hence it is of the greatest importance in the work of a divine reformer, not only to have an idea which no human being could originate, but it is even more necessary and more difficult to have a will as great as his idea and a resolution or determination on a level with his conception. And in contemplating the work of Christ as a reformer, we can not fail to observe this to be true with regard to it.

He who wills small things demonstrates himself to be small; he who wills great deeds shows himself to be great; and he who wills that which man has not power to will demonstrates himself to be God. As a reformer what has Christ willed? He has willed that which he has conceived; he has determined that his conception should become history; that humanity should become his idea itself incorporated in man. This idea you have already contemplated: it was a kingdom of souls without limits in space or in duration—a kingdom supernatural, universal, immortal, and he in the midst, always the living center of this humanity, joined to him and gravitating around him. The conception was much; it was even divine; for it was that which man could not conceive; but to will it as he conceived it, wholly by himself, to resolve it without borrowing aid from any foreign will whatever, to will it finally at a single stroke from the beginning of his career even to the end by a will full and perfect, without hesitation and without any change, certainly you must confess this is adding the divine to the divine. It is thus that Jesus Christ determined the realization of his idea and the accomplishment of his design.

It is in vain that antichristian criticism, reading the Gospels with blindfolded eyes, pretends to deny to Christ the entire governing power over his will and the absolute perfection of his determination as it denies to him the absolute ownership of his idea and the instantaneous fullness of its conception; in vain does it imagine in him any borrowed will whatever, any tremblings of doubt and hesitation. Of

these pretended borrowings made upon foreign wills—of these hesitations and misgivings of Christ in the presence of his determination there is not a trace, not a syllable, not a word in the whole Gospel. There, on every page, this appears in Jesus Christ—a will his own, vast, personal as his idea, and, like his idea, arriving at once at its fullness and perfection.

We might well stop here; for a will entirely adequate to a conception so miraculous, is itself a miracle still more astonishing. Yet there are, in this resolution of Jesus Christ, other aspects in which the divine shines forth in an increasing light, which complete the clearness of the demonstration. If you consider attentively and view upon all sides this resolution of the reformer, you will there meet peculiarities which astonish your reason, and which nothing human could suffice to explain. At the outset you will discover something miraculous; the absolute calmness of Christ in full view of all that which he must do and of all the obstacles he must meet. Could human will ever conduct itself with such serenity in such a situation? Behold these sovereign words spoken with a calmness so divine: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Great God! in the presence of so gigantic a design what self-possession, what superhuman calmness! Where is the appearance of agitation, of trouble, of any anxiety whatever? Compare these words with those uttered by fanatics and enthusiasts during the storms of revolutions. What a difference! Men are agitated over trifles; they are weak. Agitation is the sign of weakness. Jesus Christ is strong; he is strong with a superhuman strength, and his calmness only the majesty of this divine power.

Even those enterprises of men esteemed the most weighty are only the sports of children. The nations of the earth weary themselves in pursuing empty forms and sounding nothings. A word is sufficient to give them trembling of heart and dizziness of the brain. And yet to what end are all these political commotions and social convulsions? They aim only at substituting one ephemeral form for another, the government of to-day for that of yesterday, the master of to-morrow for the master of to-day; in other words, to continue under another name the reality of the dependence or servitude without changing the intimate relations of life. And yet in the accomplishing of these what noise, what clamors, what haste, what fever,

not only in the people, but in their agitators! But Jesus Christ comes to stir all things from their foundations, to rouse the universe, to create a new world, and yet how placid! In sending ambassadors to all nations he feels that he has authority, and that in overturning the world he will be in his place; he is not moved. Yet mark well; he advances not blindly to the accomplishment of his immense work; he knows what he is going to do; he measures the obstacles; he sees the difficulties. And it is this above all which shows us his divinity. It presupposes in him a full vision of his work and a clear sight of his difficulties. Men, even in the common ranks, in face of some great thing to be done, have sometimes showed a calmness and daring which was imposing to the people, but it was because of their ignorance; they saw not, neither measured the difficulties. Christ sees all, foresees all. He announces to his friends all that can frighten them—hate, persecution, and death—yet his resolution is as tranquil as it is inflexible. He bears this serenity divinely every-where; before the people and before his judges; in the shadow of his death and in the light of his resurrection.

Now contemplate his *absolute independence of men and things* for the accomplishment of his work. All founders of institutions, all reformers of the people, all conquerors and restorers of empires have submitted themselves to this law of necessity; they have been obliged to depend on the times and often to make compact with circumstances. They have been borne along by the wave of events. By some happy stroke of genius they have been enabled to divine the meaning of the passing breath; they have caught the sound of the striking hour. They seized the hour and inspired the breath, and this was their fortune. It is not thus with the conquest of Jesus Christ and the transformation which he accomplishes in the world. He demands no aid from events in order to sustain his will and to encourage his resolution. He invokes neither the complicity of the age nor of things to aid his designs. Instead of following the event, he braves it; instead of bending his will to the necessities of circumstances, he bends circumstances to the sovereignty of his will. In place of doing as all human reformers who hurl themselves into the torrent to be carried along by it rather than to lead its course, he makes to flow back toward its source, like the Jordan, the stream which bears all cotemporary humanity. In a word, his purpose is absolutely independent of things, events, and men. In the work which he designs accomplishing he takes no

account of men. Of what matter to him are opinions, parties, factions, loves or hates, sympathies or antipathies or men? He disdains them, not for the contempt he has for them, but from the sense of power he feels within himself.

All human reformers have been compelled more or less to yield to the bias of parties, opinions, factions, or of men. Christ, on the contrary, makes men to work with him. Philosophers wait upon him in order to combat him; he takes no account of them, no more than as if there never were and never were to be any philosophers in the world. Politicians look to him with sword in hand ready to smother in the blood of his friends, his idea, and his institution. He fears not these earthly powers, and for the triumph of his work he will demand nothing of them, not even tolerance and the right of citizenship.

He *wills* and this is all. He depends upon his will, and, what is still more surprising, he dares to depend, in advance, upon the will of others. He intends that men shall never fail him. He makes sure calculation that he will find them in all places, in all times, in all ranks, and in all degrees of the social hierarchy to serve his purpose; and that without yielding any thing whatever to their interests, ideas, or passions.

Now, how can you explain this thing, which evidently is not of man? I answer, by another which is still less so, the *certainly* of success before the accomplishment. That which demonstrates divinity more than all else, in the resolution of Jesus Christ, is, that in full view of all the naturally impossible prospects he is so sure of triumph that he dares prophesy it beforehand. His will appears so astonishing, so humanly absurd, so inconceivably irrational, that if you forget for a moment that he who bears it in his soul is God, you are forced to inflict upon him the opprobrium of an extravagance which dishonors him, and in place of an illustrious founder you can see in him only a dreamer made fanatical by his ambition—a supposition which is revolting, and which all within you as well as without repels. And yet this certainty of Christ as a reformer it is impossible to deny or even question. This boldness of the prophet announcing himself the success of his work is engraven in brilliant characters on the pages of the Gospels: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock will I build my Church; and the gates of hell *shall not prevail against it*." What words! and in these words what divinity! Jesus Christ is sure of his work; he counts not upon any emergency, as if it were

possible to fail; he demonstrates it as if it already existed. He is confident of things, of times, of men, of himself, and finally of his indefectible life and of his inevitable triumphs. Nor does he conceal this certainty as a mystery in the sanctuary of his secret thoughts; he expresses it in words; he announces it boldly to the public; and in the presence of his own age beholding him and of posterity expecting him, he makes a prophecy of his future triumph the most precise, the most solemn which could ever come from the mouth of any prophet. Who, I pray, has ever dared any thing like this? Did Plato? did Lycurgus? did Mohammed? These men were too wise to brave thus the jeers of the present and the contradictions of the future. Christ has no fear of the ridicule of the ages nor of the contradictions of history. He places so high both his confidence in his word and in his resolve in his prophecy, that if a single day should fail him through all ages, humanly speaking, he is lost, for he will be convicted of impotence and falsehood. If he is foiled in a single age it is the end of his glory. His will is conquered and his word made foolish, for he publicly promised himself all ages and in every age a signal triumph; he said: *Portae inferi non praevalébunt!*

After the miracle of the conception and of the idea, you now behold the miracle of the resolution and of the will; a will not only equalled the idea and full as the conception itself, but more, a will of a divine serenity in full view of the work and all its obstacles; a will of a divine independence of all relations to other things, whether men or events; finally, a will divinely sure, itself announcing before the uncertainties of every age the certainty of its triumph.

Now, whoever, placing opposite to each other the mystery of this will and the mystery of this idea, two miracles which mutually confirm each other—whoever, having searched to their foundations these two phenomena, dares to cry, It is *human*, it must be said of that one that he has looked without seeing, he has read without comprehending, that he has affirmed without knowledge, and that his soul, first shut to the testimony of the truth, is rebellious to the evidence of the miraculous.

An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful.

A NIGHT IN THE HAREM.  
FROM "DOMESTIC LIFE IN PALESTINE."

AFTER a very difficult ascent over smooth slabs of rock and loose stones, like a steep and irregular stairway, we reached Arrabeh. It was past mid-day, and rain poured down in torrents as we entered its great iron-bound, well-guarded gates. This is one of the best-walled towns in Palestine, but is almost unknown to travelers, being out of the usual route. It is not even mentioned in Murray's Hand-Book, but is marked on his map.

The houses all looked like small castles; they are square, and with parapets round their flat, terraced roofs. We went direct to the residence of Mohammed Bek Abdul Hady, the Governor of the town. His house, like all Moslem town-houses, was divided into two distinct parts; the men occupying one part, called the divan, and the ladies living in the other, which is called the harem. The ground-floor was occupied by horses and soldiers, and there our attendants and servants were lodged. We mounted an uncovered stone staircase, crossed a large courtyard, and entered the divan—a vaulted chamber, with wide, arched windows on three sides, commanding views of the valley and the town-gate. The deep, low window-seats were cushioned and carpeted. Here no ladies ever appear; I was told afterward that I was the only woman who had ever crossed its threshold. We found that the Governor himself was absent, but we were very courteously received by his relations; and they said, kissing our hands, "This house is your house, and we are at your service." They expressed great surprise to see us on a journey while the country was so disturbed. They said that every day there were skirmishes in the neighborhood, and at least one hundred and fifty people had been killed within a few days. Flocks were stolen, and camels were constantly waylaid and robbed of their burdens. A battle had been fought on the previous day, near to Arrabeh, and many lives were sacrificed. The sons and nephews of the Governor told us about it. They were engaged in the fight. One boy of about sixteen years of age showed us how he threw himself on the ground and pretended to be dead, and thus escaped a death-blow. He exhibited his spear stained with blood, and his pistols, of which he was very proud. They were of English manufacture.

The younger sons, about ten and eleven years of age, were told to conduct me to the harem. They carefully led me over terraced roofs, through courts, and halls, and passages, till we

reached the female quarter. I was taken to a large vaulted room, with whitewashed walls and stone floors, lighted only from the wide-open door; for, as glass casements are not used, the wooden window-shutters were closed to keep out the rain. My young guides, Selim and Said, ran before me, and cried out exultingly, "An English girl! an English girl! come! see!" I entered, and in a moment was surrounded by a little crowd of women, dressed in very brilliant costumes. They were of various complexions—from the dark Abyssinian slave-girls in crimson and silver, to the olive and bronze-colored Arabs in violet and gold.

They pounced upon me as if I were a new toy for them; they kissed me one after another, and stroked my face. They had never seen a European, and told me that no daughter of the Franks had ever entered their town before. They said, "Be welcome, O sister from a far country; this house is yours, and we are your servants." Then they asked me with whom, and how, and whence I had come. The ladies wore full, long trowsers, made of colored silk; short, tight jackets, made of cloth or velvet, embroidered with gold; and flowers and jewels in their head-dresses. The servants wore cotton suits, and the slaves red cloth. They wondered to see my plain, long, dark riding-dress and hat. I told them that I wished to change my clothes, as they were wet.

The boys went to order my portmanteau to be brought to the precincts of the harem, and then two slaves fetched it. As soon as I had unlocked it, the ladies, servants, and children, one and all, began examining its contents. In a minute or two it was actually almost empty. Mantles, morning and evening-dresses, night-gowns, and collars were passing from hand to hand; and, as the uses of them were not known, they were put on in all sorts of fantastic ways. One of the girls took a little lace-collar, and placed it tastefully on her forehead. She thought that it was part of a head-dress. I was very much amused, but was obliged to put a stop to their mischief by telling them to put every thing back into the box; they did so directly. I had already discovered that Arab women are like children; they almost always submit immediately to gentle but unhesitating firmness.

Then I dressed in the same room; for they said that they had not any other for their use. I fancy it was because they wished to see all my clothes, and how I put them on; theirs being so very different from ours. They told me that I wore too many dresses at the same time. They wear only a shirt of thin cotton or crape,

made high to the throat, open at the bosom, and with long, wide sleeves; very full trowsers, drawn in and tied round the waist and below the knee, but falling in graceful folds nearly to the ground; and an open, short jacket, with a shawl tied round the waist like a sash or girdle. They kindly sent away my wet garments to be dried at the oven, and made a comfortable seat of cushions for me on the floor. One lady made some sweet sherbet of pomegranates, and handed it to me. A second brought me coffee in a little china cup without any handle, held in another one, exactly of the shape and size of a common egg-cup, made of prettily-embossed and chased silver.

Then Sit Habibi sat by my side smoking a narghilé, and in answer to my questions she told me that she was the eldest wife of Mohammed Bek, the Governor of Arrabeh, and she pointed out to me two other ladies who were also his wives. Then, at my request, she introduced to me the three wives of Saleh Bek, the Governor of Haifa. They were very much astonished when I told them that I knew their husband, Saleh Bek, very well, and brought messages from him. They could not understand it, as they had never heard of a woman seeing any men except her own relations. A Moslem lady may not even see her future husband till the wedding-day. One of the wives asked me rather suspiciously if Saleh Bek had established a harem at Haifa. I soon reassured and satisfied them on that point. They all showed much curiosity respecting English people. Werdeh, which means rosy, said, "Is your brother handsome and strong? Is he fair to look upon? Are all the people of your country white?" And one said, "Why do you travel about without your women?"

While I was answering these questions I was taking notice of the room. It was rather low and long, the floor was nearly concealed by fine matting. On the side-opposite to the door a narrow mattress was spread; it was covered with a strip of soft carpet, like stair-carpeting. Cushions and pillows cased in Oriental silks, placed on the mattress, were leaning against the wall, and thus a sort of low sofa was formed, and on the middle of this I was seated, surrounded by the ladies. Opposite to us on each side of the door there were similar seats or divans, where several women and girls were sitting smoking. At the end of the room, on my left hand, there were two very large wooden chests, painted bright red and garnished with brass locks and hinges of pretty design. Behind them was a wide, deep, arched recess in the wall, where mattresses and wadded quilts

were piled up one on the other. Mirrors from Constantinople, in gilt frames, were hanging on each side of this recess. On my right hand, at the other end of the room, black slaves and servants sat on a rug, taking care of some infants and young children who were crying and quarreling. They were keeping up a continual buzzing chatter, and every now and then bursting out into little shrieks and exclamations. The floor of the room was raised about six inches above the level of the court without, except a square space just within the door, where the women put off their high clogs or shoes before they entered.

Werdeh and Habtbt sat by me, stroking my hair and face caressingly. They wondered that I wore no head-dress or ornament in my hair. The youngest wife of Saleh Bek of Haifa, named Helweh, which signifies sweetness, sat close by the open door in a graceful attitude. She was only sixteen, and looked so pretty, and bright, and merry, that I opened my sketch-book and took her portrait. When the women saw what I was doing, they were very much astonished, for they had never seen any one draw a face or any thing else; indeed, it is contrary to the law of the Moslem religion to do so. They cried out, "O work of Allah! There is the face of Helweh! There are her eyes looking at us, and there is the coin of gold on her neck, and her hand holds the narghilé. O wonderful!" Then Helweh came shyly to see the drawing, and she asked me if I drew her because she was the prettiest. I told her that I should like to draw any one who would sit near to the door, where the sunlight was streaming in. Then the others took the same seat in turn, and I made two more sketches, but Helweh was by far the prettiest. She had a sweet voice, which is rather unusual among Arab women, and was simple and frank in her manners. She wore yellow silk trowsers, ornamented at the sides with black silk braid. Her yellow pointed slippers were turned up at the toes. She wore no stockings. Her black velvet jacket was embroidered beautifully with gold thread, and a purple, red, and green shawl, twisted round her waist rather low, served for a girdle. A wide collar of gold coins encircled her throat, and a little, shallow, red cloth cap was arranged coquettishly on one side of her well-shaped head. A long tassel, springing from perforated gold balls, hung from it. Her hair, intertwined with silk braid, was divided into nine plaits and fell straight over her shoulders. Little jewels and pearls were fastened to it. Round her head, over her red cloth cap, or tarbush, she wore strings of pearls and

coins and diamond and emerald sprays, and little bunches of red, yellow, and violet everlasting flowers, which grow wild on the hills in Palestine. She had large, dark eyes. The eyebrows were painted thickly, and the eyelids edged with kohl. She had spots of blue dye on her chest and on her chin, and a blue star tattooed on her forehead. The women were all thus ornamented, more or less, and they very much wished to paint and tattoo me in the same way.

Supper was brought for me in the same order as dinner, except that we had, in addition, a large dish filled with little green sausages. They were made of minced meat and rice, rolled up in leaves, dressed in butter. They were very nice. Asmé, a beautiful girl about eight years of age—the eldest daughter of Saleh Bek—and Selim, ate with me. The ladies stood in attendance. I described how English people sit on chairs, round a high table, and eat from separate plates, using knives, and forks, and spoons; and how men and women eat together. They cried out, "O, wonderful!" For they had never heard of a woman eating in the presence of a man—not even with her husband or father.

After this I was very tired, and I asked Sit Sara to let me sleep. She said, "Let us walk out on the terrace. The rain is over; the stars are shining. Let us walk out, O my daughter! and the room shall be made ready." So we strolled on the terrace of the harem with Helweh. There were red watch-fires on the hills around. By looking through the round holes in the parapets we could see people in the streets below us, with servants carrying lanterns before them. Bright stars shone in the deep-purple night sky.

I was led across the court into a square room, and introduced to the fourth and youngest wife of the Governor of Arrabeh. I had not even heard of her before. She was surrounded by her women and attendants, and was sitting on a mattress propped up by pillows and cushions, and partly covered by a silk embroidered lehaff. Her head-dress was adorned with jewels, and roses, and everlasting flowers; and her violet velvet jacket was richly embroidered. Her cheeks were highly rouged, and her eyebrows painted. Her eyelids were newly dressed with kohl and her hands with henna. She lifted a little swaddled figure from under some heavy coverings, and handed it to me. It was her first-born son; he was seven days old, and his father had not yet seen him. The mother had hoped and prepared for the pleasure of placing her boy in his arms that night, but he had not

returned to Arrabeh. A week is usually allowed to elapse before a Moslem father sees his new-born child or its mother, and the eighth day is generally kept as a day of rejoicing and congratulation. Professional singing women are hired for the occasion.

Coffee was made for me, and a narghilé prepared; but I did not linger long with the young Moslem mother and her infant son, for the room was so overheated that I could scarcely breathe. A large open brazier, filled with glowing charcoal, stood near the door, and the air and every thing in the place seemed to be impregnated with an oppressive odor of musk. Even the coffee and the fumes of the narghilé were strongly flavored with it. I was very glad to be in the fresh air again on the starlit terrace.

When we went back into the large room, I found that it had been nicely swept. In one corner, five mattresses were placed, one on the top of the other, with a red silk pillow, and a silk embroidered wadded quilt, lined with calico, arranged nicely as a bed for me. I rejoiced inwardly, thinking that I was to have the room to myself. But very soon I was undeceived, for seven other beds were spread on the floor, each formed of a single mattress only, with a quilted coverlid and pillow. (If a Moslem wishes to pay great honor to a guest, several mattresses are piled up for him or her to sleep upon, and these gradations of respect are curiously observed. Five is rather a high figure, but I have known my brother to have seven spread for him.)

I found that all the ladies, and children, and servants, and slaves, were to sleep in the same room with me! Two narrow hammocks, each about a yard long, were taken from a recess, and, fastened to ropes, suspended from iron rings in the ceiling. The hammocks were oblong frames, made of the strong stems of palm fronds, with coarse canvas stretched over them. To these, two swaddled and screaming children were securely bound. Ropes, made of palm-fiber, were fastened to the corners, and united and plaited together, about one yard above, and then fixed to strong ropes hanging from the ceiling. The four corner ropes formed a tent-like frame-work to support a piece of muslin for a musketo curtain.

When I began to undress, the women watched me with curiosity, and when I put on my nightgown they were exceedingly astonished, and exclaimed, "Where are you going? What are you going to do?" and, "Why is your dress white?"

They made no change in their dress for sleeping, and there they were, in their bright-colored

clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round me till I said, "Good-night!" They all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I kneeled down, and presently, without speaking to them again, I got into bed, and turned my face toward the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself for sleep, though I heard the women whispering together.

When my head had rested for about five minutes on the soft red silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying, very gently, "Ya Habibi!" that is, "O beloved!" But I would not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited for a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and the voice said, "Miriam, speak to us. Speak, Miriam, darling!" I could not resist any longer, so I turned round and saw Helweh, Saleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, "What is it, Sweetness? what can I do for you?" She answered, "What did you do just now, when you kneeled down and covered your face with your hands?" I sat up, and said very solemnly, "I spoke to God, Helweh!" "What did you say to him?" said Helweh. I replied, "I wish to sleep. God never sleeps. I have asked him to watch over me, and that I may fall asleep, remembering that he never sleeps, and wake up remembering his presence. I am very weak, God is all-powerful. I have asked him to strengthen me with his strength."

By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on my bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them that I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I had thought and said. But, as I had learned the Lord's Prayer by heart in Arabic, I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I began thus, "Our Father who art in heaven," Helweh directly said, "You told me that your father was in London." I replied, "I have two fathers, Helweh: one in London, who does not know that I am here, and can not know till I write and tell him; and a Heavenly Father, who is with me always—who is here now, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us to know good from evil if we listen to him and obey him." For a moment there was perfect silence. They all looked startled, and as if they felt that they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, "What more did you say?" I continued the Lord's Prayer; and when I came to the words, "Give us day by day our daily bread," they said, "Can not you make your bread yourself?" The passage, "Forgive

us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," is particularly forcible in the Arabic language, and one of the elder women, who was rather severe and relentless-looking, on hearing it, said, "Are you obliged to say that every day?" As if she thought that sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, "Are you a Moslem?" I answered, "I am not called a Moslem; but I am your sister, made by the same God, who is the one only God, the God of all, my Father and your Father." They asked me if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, "Do you know that?" I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out, "Mashallah"—"The English girl is a true believer;" and the impressionable, sensitive-looking Abyssinian slave-girls said, with one accord, "She is indeed an angel!"

After talking with them for some time, and answering, as clearly as I could, their earnest, shrewd, and child-like questions, I said "good-night" once more. So they kissed me, and smoothed my pillow. But though I was fatigued bodily, my mind was so thoroughly roused and interested, that I could not immediately sleep. I watched the women resting under bright-colored quilts, with their heads on low, silken pillows. The lantern on the stool in the middle of the room lighted up the coins and jewels on their head-dresses. Now and then one of the infants cried, and its mother or a slave rose to quiet it; and it was fed without being taken from its hammock. The mother stood upright while the slave inclined the hammock toward her for a few minutes. Then there was silence again. The room was very close and warm, and the faces of some of the sleepers were flushed. At last I slept also.

#### THE SPIRIT'S CONFLICT.

God's Holy Spirit and man's sin can not live together peaceably; they may both be in the same heart, but they can not both reign there, nor can they both be quiet there; for "the Spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit;" they can not rest, but there will be a perpetual warring in the soul, so that the Christian will have to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But in due time the Spirit will drive out all sin, and will present us blameless before the throne of his Majesty with exceeding great joy.

#### MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY W. M. PRAED.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!  
O! dreamless is her slumber there,  
And drowsily the banners wave  
O'er her that was so chaste and fair!  
Yea, love is dead and memory faded!  
But when the dew is on the brake,  
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,  
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,  
O, then she cometh back to me,  
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!  
I can not guess her face or form;  
But what to me is form or face?  
I do not ask the weary worm  
To give me back each buried grace  
Of glistening eyes, or trailing tresses!  
I only feel that she is here,  
And that we meet, and that we part;  
And that I drink within mine ear,  
And that I clasp around my heart,  
Her sweet still voice and soft caresses!  
Not in the waking thought by day,  
Not in the sightless dream by night,  
Do the mild tones and glances play,  
Of her who was my cradle's light!  
But in some twilight of calm weather  
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,  
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,  
With all the quiet of a thought,  
And all the passion of a dream,  
Linked in a golden spell together.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. J. E. AKERS.

THERE is a stream, a turbulent stream,  
Its banks are rugged and steep,  
And we start and shrink as we near its brink,  
For its waters are dark and deep:  
But we all must cross though the stream is cold,  
And dark as the yawning grave;  
Yet we need not fear with the Savior near,  
To ride on its stormy waves.  
There is a shore, a radiant shore,  
Just on the other side;  
And with eager eye we its glories descry,  
As into the harbor we glide;  
On its thither bank a blood-washed throng  
To the water's brink has come,  
A shining band with harps in their hands,  
To bid us welcome home.  
There is a land, a beautiful land,  
Where saints and angels dwell;  
Where the loved and blest have an endless rest,  
And their rapturous anthems swell:  
We are going home to that beautiful land,  
Already we're on the way,  
And songs of praise unceasing we'll raise,  
In that home of endless day.

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

PERHAPS no late English poet has achieved a fame so wide and praise so great as Tennyson. Writing at first, as it would seem, to his particular class on themes which, however well treated, have little interest to the masses, he has lately gone farther down, nearer to lowly life and its nobility, and in proportion as he has so descended has his fame increased. His first book, published, we believe, in 1832, and containing *Claribel* *Lillian* and other of his earliest pieces, was denounced by the British critics. The book dropped from the public mind with the mass of other poetry, and its author seemed to do the same. But a few years later appeared a second book, embracing his former poems and some new ones. They were well received, were republished here, and Tennyson was acknowledged as a poet. Since that time he has gone steadily onward, improving much, and with every new book gaining greater fame. How many copies of his first book were sold we never saw stated, but *Enoch Arden* has already reached its fifteenth thousand. He has published since his first book *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, *The Princess*, and the *Idyls of the King*; lastly the *Idyls of the Hearth*.

Tennyson is, in the truest sense of the word, a poet. He does not, like Arnold, incumber himself with philosophical questions; he is not, like Bulwer, a plagiarist; he reminds one of Keats in the melody of his verse and beauty of his descriptions. If Poe's definition of poetry—"a rhythmical creation of beauty"—is to be received on this ground, certainly we might call Tennyson a poet. But in the higher province of poetry—expression of noble thought and action—an equally high place might be assigned him. The soul of poetry is its expression of truth. The chief charm of Whittier's poetry, as every one knows, lies in this, and Tennyson's does not lack it. We instance the *Charge of the Light Brigade*. That was thrown off at a heat, while most of his poems are evidently very carefully written. Here is a carefully-worded picture:

"I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Through quiet meadows round the mill;  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it, never still,  
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty by the floating meal."

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We have spoken of the soul—we can find no better name for it—in Tennyson's poetry. It is shown in *Locksley Hall*, *Maud*, and, though in a different way, in *In Memoriam*. That perfect poem, "the gospel of the age," throbs with the sorrow of a strong soul from beginning to end. The change of season, the landscape, the little incidents of daily life are woven into one perfect whole, and made of interest because of the friend whose life and loss are seen through all. It was a simple thing, the loss of an intimate and dearly-loved friend; but how many who have "strung their losses on a rhyming thread," have produced such balm of consolation, such comfort to the mourning soul! Here are a few verses:

"I falter where I firmly trod,  
And, falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

So runs my dream; but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

And here is a description of landscape:

"I wake, I rise; from end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend.  
No gray old grange, or lovely fold,  
Or low morass, or whispering reed,  
Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
Or sheep-walk up the windy wold;  
Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw  
That bears the latest linnet trill,  
Nor quarry trenched along the hill  
And haunted by the wrangling daw.

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day,  
And, leaving these to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die."

In *Mariana* Tennyson says:

"Her melancholy eyes divine,  
The home of woe without a tear."

But he has surpassed that in one line in "*In Memoriam*:"

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."

And so one might fill pages with extracts. The poem is Tennyson's best, and the one that will endure the longest. It can not be read rapidly; thought and study are necessary to

appreciate its beauties; but once found they will not soon be forgotten. From a short poem entitled "To J. S.," we take the following, breathing the same spirit, though in a different manner, as many parts of *In Memoriam*:

"God gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,  
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,  
Fall into shadow, soonest lost—  
Those we love first are taken first."

Locksley Hall and Maud are two poems which are in their peculiar tone similar, and are best considered together. The heroes of both are of a peculiar temperament, and have received a harsh education. In Locksley Hall the hero's father fell "in wild Mahratta battle," leaving him "a selfish uncle's ward." But he loves his cousin Amy, and believes himself loved in return. But she is "shallow-hearted,"

"Falsely than all fancy fathoms, falsely than all songs  
have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish  
tongue."

She weds another, a soulless clown, and the maddened lover pours forth a torrent of fiercest invective against society, the false barriers of customs, the slow advance of science. He recalls his boyish dreams, his eager hopes. He declares in his anger that the barbarous Orient is better than these sickly civilized lands.

"Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient where my life began to  
beat,  
Or to burst all links of habit—then to wander far  
away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the  
day."

The reaction from this comes with redoubled force:

"For I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child."

He acknowledges that science moves, though slowly, and closes thus:

"Not in vain the distant beacons. Forward, forward  
let us range,  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing  
grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the  
younger day,  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Maud is a much longer poem, with some plot, very carefully elaborated, and with many

exquisite passages; but there is in it the same invective, far more intensified, at the times and customs. The hero's father, maddened by the failure of a "great speculation" which has enriched Maud's father, commits suicide. His mother dies, and he is left

"Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,  
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,  
And my own sad name in corners cried  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,  
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,  
And a morbid, eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half turned to stone."

And from these influences the hero becomes a misanthrope. He sees the miseries of the poor, the tricks practiced on them by the rich, and cries out against it. He sees the horrors of peace and aches for war. Only extract will give any idea of the fierce irony and anger of the poem:

"Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days  
gone by,  
When the poor are hoveled and hustled together,  
each sex like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all  
men lie,  
Peace in her vineyard—yes, but a company forges  
the wine.  
And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's  
head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of a trampled  
wife,  
And chalk, and alum, and plaster are sold to the poor  
for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means  
of life."

And so on, verse after verse of the bitterest irony and fiercest condemnation. Afterward, when he loves and is loved, things change; even nature seems different. In many passages in the poem the peculiar temper of the hero, his hate of Maud's brother, his almost unwilling love for Maud, are finely shown. In the garden scene the lover conquers the misanthrope completely. Afterward the old fever returns, and he rejoices in the prospect of war, "the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire." The poem closes leaving him the same misanthropic person it found him, and this is its chief defect. Here are the last lines:

"It is better to fight with the good than to rail at  
the ill  
I have left with my native land. I am one of my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assigned."

The difference between the two poems will easily be seen. In the first the eager, dreaming boy is changed into a railer at the times by his cousin's desertion. In *Maud*, on the contrary, the hero is misanthropic till he loves. The poem is faulty and incomplete, ending in a manner that is in direct violation of poetical justice; but the poem contains many beautiful passages that redeem its defects. The parts describing the happiness of the accepted lover are the finest, finding their culmination in the exquisite and often-quoted garden-song.

The *Princess* is one of Tennyson's longest and most complicated poems, though not his best. It is the story of a princess, who, seeing how inferior to man woman was believed to be, left her father's court and founded a great college for women. She gathered about her six hundred maidens, and instructed them in all branches of science that men are taught. *Ida* is a noble rather than a lovely character, appealing more to our admiration than affection. She has many faults, but they are those of education rather than nature, and in the end she nobly atones for them all. She is sincere in her belief, and the poem has many true passages concerning the condition of woman. The minor characters in the poem are, for the most part, well conceived and carried out, and *Blanche* and *Psyche* are particularly good. The songs are very beautiful, and none the less so because they lack rhyme. The idea is not original with Tennyson. Collins used it before him in his *Evening*; but Tennyson has shown most conclusively that there may be melody in verse without rhyme:

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,  
So sad, so strange the days that are no more."

*Idyls of the King* comprise four pieces dedicated to the late Prince. The dedication is exceedingly beautiful, and the poems are among his best. The first, *Enid*, is an exquisite story of wifely love and fidelity, and the best of the four. *Enid* is a beautiful character, combining great prudence with the meekest love, rarest gentleness, and, as far as possible, perfect obedience. The successive incidents of the story are well described, the characters are clearly defined, and the ending as it should be. *Vivien*, the second idyl, refers to *Merlin*, the old magician, and the poem opens thus:

"The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's court;  
She hated all the knights, and heard in thought  
Their lavish comment when her name was named.

... After that she set herself to gain  
Him, the most famous man of all these times;  
*Merlin*, who knew the range of all the arts,  
Had built the king his harems, ships, and halls,  
Was also bard, and knew the starry heavens—  
The people called him wizard."

*Merlin* possesses a mysterious charm, which, wrought upon any one, renders them as dead. It is *Vivien's* desire to gain this charm and use it upon him, and the poem is merely a description of the various artifices she employs. She gains it at last and puts it forth.

"And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life, and vice, and name, and fame.  
Then crying, 'I have made his glory mine,'  
And shrieking out, 'O, fool!' the harlot leapt  
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed  
Behind her, and the forest echoed—'fool!'"

*Elaine* is the story of the hopeless love of "the lily maid of Astolat" for *Launcelot*, and has the pathetic interest of *Enid*. *Guinevere*, the last, is the story of *Arthur's* queen; her sin, anguish, and repentance are well described, and the passages where *Arthur* is introduced and described are very fine. But *Guinevere* is neither here nor in *Elaine*, a lovely character, and the poem lacks the interest of the others.

The *Lotus Eaters* is one of Tennyson's most beautiful pieces, well exhibiting his peculiar descriptive powers. The careful enumeration of the various points in the picture, the picturesque words that tell as much as whole sentences, are indicative of him. We take the first verse of the song:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,  
Or night dews on still waters between walls  
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;  
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music that brings sleep down from the blissful skies."

And here is the close to another verse:

"Lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy,  
To muse, and brood, and live again in memory  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass."

The *Golden Year* is a poem so directly opposed to *Maud* and *Locksley Hall* that we can not refrain from quoting from it:

"Ah, though the times when some new thought can  
bud  
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,  
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore  
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,  
And slow and sure comes up the golden year."

This is the song, but "James" interrupts and says:

"Well I know

That unto him who works and feels he works  
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

Tennyson's shorter poems are in many respects his best. The *Brook* is a perfect idyl. *Lady Clare* is a pretty story well told; the *Sisters* a fierce story of revenge. *Claribel* and *Lillian* are two of Tennyson's earliest pieces, and lack the perfection of expression he has since attained. *Margaret*, *Adaline*, *Eleanor*, *Madaline* are descriptive of persons it would be very hard to find; very different from *Maud* and the *Princess*, who seem almost living persons. *Morte de Arthur* is the story of Arthur's death and the dissolution of the Round Table.

*Enoch Arden* is Tennyson's last poem. In it he has shown the true nobleness which exists not merely in *Arthur* and the *Knights of the Round Table*, but as well in the poor fisherman. The story is well contrived and the end very touching. The remaining poems in the volume are some of them very good. The *Northern Farmer* and *Grandmother's Apology* are characteristic of the persons described. The *Ode* sung at the opening of the International Exhibition, is very fine, and the poem called, "In the Valley of Canterety," ripples along in perfect music. The book closes with some "Experiments," poems peculiar in their measure, and not much to our taste. Here are three lines from the first:

"Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery  
parapets,  
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, though the gathering  
enemy narrow thee,  
Thou shalt war and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the  
mighty one yet."

The piece is called *Boadicea*, and appears to be the address of the queen to the Britons.

After all, extract can give little idea of a poet. We have not space, and so many beautiful things we had marked to copy remain uncopied; but let every one refer to the published poems, and carefully reading them he will hardly fail to give Tennyson a very high if not the highest place among modern poets.

MODERATE desires constitute a character fitted to acquire all the good which the world can yield. He is prepared, in whatever situation he is, therewith to be content, has learned the science of being happy, and possesses the alchemic stone which will change every metal into gold.—*Dwight*.

#### ESTRANGEMENT.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

THERE are two great tests of friendship—one the separation, the other the companionship of years. The weak and forgetful become alienated in the one case, the strong and emotional in the other. In the first instance the fire gradually expires for lack of being replenished; in the other it burns awhile fierce and wavering, till, flickering in the rude blast of discordant events, it finally dies out in smoke and ashes. New flames spring up on the old altar, less fervent, perhaps more constant, but the old fire is never rekindled. Its elements have perished forever. A man makes concessions to his enemies sooner than to his friends, inasmuch as it is easier to reconcile opinions than sentiments. Rough, untried, and angry waters are navigated for the good that lies beyond, but who in an arid land is tempted to cross the still surface of an inland sea? Between alienated friends lies a dead sea, untossed by angry winds, unmoved by gentle breezes, impassable in its very calmness. Friendships among the young emanate often from accidental association and similarity of pursuit rather than natural sympathy. Those who daily meet for some common purpose, sharing the same tasks and pleasures, mutually assisting each other from time to time, become temporarily adapted, for where aims and interests are the same kindness if not tenderness springs up. But the world is wide and paths diverge, and the intimacies that seemed to give promise of long continuance often die out in a few years, or survive so constrained and cramped that their very existence is painful.

"Voices lose the tones that shed  
A tenderness round all they said,  
Till, fast declining, one by one  
The sweetnesss of love are gone,  
And hearts so lately mingled seem  
Like broken clouds, or like the stream  
That, smiling, leave the mountain brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet ere it reach the plains below  
Breaks into floods that part forever."

Persons often meet after a long separation to be mutually disappointed, and part again to be permanently estranged. This is so because neither is wholly the same, yet each believes the change to be in the other and the other only. It is a sweet delusion that the world affects all outside of ourselves and leaves us untouched. Old friends meet, and each sees in the other odd, acquired "ways," unlooked-for

changes, and from eye to eye glances a look of disappointment; feeling is wounded, self-esteem is wounded, the past and present are at war, and there is an intense desire for an immediate escape from this rude contact with "the things that were." What was anticipated as a pleasure is painful in the realization, and a friendship that affords no enjoyment has lost its vitality.

Then again those who are daily together often become estranged because they refuse to each other the kind indulgence that mere acquaintances always receive. There would be nothing but discord in the world if some people were as unamiable in society as at home. In general society persons never fully reveal themselves, and may meet on the most cordial terms year after year, when, were the same individuals doomed to constant intercourse, they would become seriously disaffected in a month's time. Every body has some peculiar opinion which should be respected, some obvious weakness which should be tolerated; every body is foolishly sensitive upon one point, and perversely indifferent upon some other where a lack of interest seems inexcusable. In fact, we are each and all disagreeable at times in our own peculiar way. To cheerfully get along with this is all we need. Persons who insist upon explanations and insist upon fully understanding their friends—a thing in itself quite impossible—will find that all close intimacies lead only to jar and discord. Can any man or woman satisfactorily explain to another why this was said or that left unsaid? And are not the springs of our actions usually supposed to be much deeper than they really are? How few are as weak in their weakness or as strong in their strength as outward appearances would indicate! Friendship and love will not be questioned, they must be trusted with a confidence too strong to be jarred by every passing event, treated with an indulgence too generous to be withheld when most needed. Blessed are they who believe each other to be just and true in all the more important relations of life!

It is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory; nothing can be made of nothing; he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

## AN EVENING.

BY LUCIA J. CHASE.

THE fire in the quaint pagoda of a stove talks blandly; there is a faint fragrance of roses and geraniums in the shadowy room, and the picture-frames gleam out through the dusk. Bryan, poor, maimed boy in blue, lies motionless upon the lounge, out of danger and without pain, for which I am so thankful. Cousin Cicely sits back in the shadows that are deepest. Looking at her as she sits with folded hands and drooping head, I like to fancy that she is one of the dear sisters in the Church of old to whom Paul sent love and greeting, pondering over the strange, sweet story of the Messiah. A very pure, gracious woman is my cousin Cicely, tender and loving to all. It is not hard to fancy her a saint. Her very life is a continual reproof to me.

I sigh a little and turn from the picture within to look out doors. There I see first a row of grim brick houses that look hard and stingy, and the sight of them gives me the headache. But yonder in a yard that just peers upon the street stands poor old Lear. The wind comes out of the woods beyond the street and the fields, and the dusk deepens, and Lear stretches upward his strong, gaunt arms, and I hear him crying hoarsely, "O, O, 't is foul!" Then the wind goes down, and I think the arms of the desolate old man are no longer uplifted, and I hear him pleading, "Pray do not mock me. I am a very foolish, fond old man, four score and upward. Do not laugh at me." I look, and think, and dream over the sad old tale. But by and by Napoleon, that's our dog, comes out of his doze and rises from his rug behind the stove, and coming close to me lays his head upon my arm, as much as to say, "Can't you be sociable? Do let us have a little conversation." So I turn away from Lear—ah me! only an apple-tree—and pat Nap's great head, and go and stir the fire and bring a light.

"What are you up to, cousin Lois?" says Bryan, annoyed by the bustle.

"Nothing, dear," I answer placidly, and he tells me "he wants to think." So I take my crochet-work and sit down by the light. But his imperial majesty, Napoleon, is determined to be conversational. He comes to my side and looks wistfully into my face with that vague questioning in his eyes. "See," they say to me, "am I not your friend, faithful and loving? Am I not glad when you are glad, and sorry when you are sorry? You know I

love you as well as dogs can love. O, is there no light for me? Can you bear to think that when I die that is the end of me? Is this short, cramped life the best I shall ever know?" And I pat the glossy head tenderly and look into the loving, questioning eyes and answer only with a dumb pain in my own heart. What assurance have I of another life, higher and purer, waiting for me beyond earth? True, I look forward dreamily to a something that shall come after this, so glorious, that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," but nothing in my soul assures me that I shall walk in that everlasting sunshine. From childhood I have viewed these things through a golden veil. I have stood afar off and looked reverently at religion, and it has seemed very grand, very beautiful to me, but nothing I could take into my heart and have for my daily comfort and joy. There is something wanting in my life. Is it the certainty of that blessed existence hereafter? So I ponder, and all the while the pain in my heart is growing less and less vague, and comes at last to be a real, bitter ache. What a useless life mine has been! Eating, and drinking, and dreaming away the days! Who is wiser and happier because I live? Am I fulfilling the purpose for which I came into the world?

"Clang! Clang!" I do n't see why George and Cicely will tolerate such a horrid door-bell. The strange tenderness in my heart vanishes at the savage sound. But I go to the door and meet there such a sweet, calm face; it always makes me think dimly of clear, still, Spring Sundays. It is dear old Aunt Hill. Cicely comes out of her torpor, and Bryan half rises to greet her. She is like the brook down by the bridge where I go to stand and look at the waters and think; the rougher and stonier the way it goes over the more sweetly and clearly it sings its song. Her home is a miserable little room over a tailor shop. All day long the loud laughter and jesting of the tailors and the wearying clamor of the sewing-machines, and all the rattle and bustle of the street comes up to her ears, but she heeds them not, for, she says, her room is full of a glorious presence. Even Christ is there with her from dawn to dawn, and his presence is a continual psalm that shuts out all the rest. When she is sick at heart and would fain "fall asleep" it sings tenderly, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." When she feels friendless and desolate it chimes softly, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Aunt Hill is lame and always ill, but she

never complains. She will not depend upon charity, and makes baskets and "buckeye" hats, and knits for her daily bread. Her dearest friends are gone from earth, but she knows, though they can not come to her, she will one day go to them. She is not too old or too poor to do good. She is an earnest worker. Bryan pretends to be skeptical. He will listen seriously to nobody but Aunt Hill upon the subject of religion. But I have seen tears in his eyes while she talked.

"I am glad you are so much better," she says to him as he smiles up at her with his white, boyish face.

"Yes," he answers, "thanks to Dr. Keene."

"And to God, Bryan."

He glances quickly at Cicely and me, then beckons her to come closer.

"I suppose I am very ungrateful to him, Auntie," he says, almost in a whisper.

"Very, Bryan," is the grave answer.

"I am sorry. Will you teach me how to do better? You know I shall soon be well and go back to the boys. I'm aching to be off, too, and—and—well, to tell the truth, Auntie, I think I should be a braver soldier and a happier boy, and a purer sacrifice to offer up for my country if I were a Christian."

Brave Bryan! It was much harder to make that confession than to face the cannon, but he did it with a stern courage worthy of a soldier. Aunt Hill's face is radiant.

"Do you believe in Christ, Bryan?" she asks, thinking of his doubts.

Bryan makes an impatient gesture with his thin, white hand.

"I tell you, Auntie, I never doubted him. I can't play the miserable sneak of a hypocrite any longer."

Cicely out of delicacy rises and leaves the room, beckoning for me to come too; but I sit still.

"Shall I pray for you now?" asks Aunt Hill.

Bryan looks at me, but answers, "Yes," in a moment.

"O, Auntie, for me too!" I cry suddenly, and the sound of my voice startles myself. I have come to loathe myself so looking back over my ungrateful life.

And then she prays—prays that He will accept the offerings we this night bring to him, humbly confessing our sins and believing. When the prayer is over there is a hush. Bryan covers his face with his hands, and I sob softly to myself. But not for sorrow—for pure peace and joy. By and by Aunt Hill goes home, and Bryan and I are alone together.

I take Cicely's Testament and kneel down at his side and read aloud. O, how my heart throbs as I read Christ's teaching, so full of new sweetness, new tenderness; and when I stop reading Bryan says softly, "Thank God, Lois!" So I do, in my heart of hearts. Will you go and do likewise?

### TRAGEDY AND TRAGEDIANS.

BY MRS. MARY W. ALEXANDER.

IN the great drama which has startled the ages and set us back a hundred years in the annals of civilization, a new and terrible meaning has attached itself to the words which form the basis of this desultory manuscript. To many of us it has been the first time in our lives when the acting of the stage has not seemed a poor mimicry of nature in its worst phases, or at its best, a charlatan delineation of impossible virtue. We must for once confess that art has triumphed over the enemies of theatrical representations, by tearing away the flimsy vail of pretension, and giving us a tragedy whose rehearsal to our children and children's children will stir the blood and kindle to our latest posterity anew the fires of devotion to humanity and civil liberty. They are no longer a lie, a delusion, a panorama that crosses the scenes and passes out at the open door. Palpable and living evidence is here, going to show that no juggler's trick has produced the impious result. Cassius is no longer a myth, a colossal historical grandeur. He is before us, poor clay, pierced and mangled by this modern incarnation of Brutus, whose whole life has been spent in flourishing daggers over the heads of make-believe tyrants and oppressors. Here is reality indeed.

The scene closes, the curtain falls, and would it might forever fall upon the illegitimacy of our present system of stage-playing—bombastic and stilted, furious in its passions and outraging nature in its affectation of sentiment. Still clinging to the bloodthirsty and horrible, it is painful to see that the taste of play-goers follows rather than leads the current which is fast converting our theaters into convenient assembly-rooms for pick-pockets, murderers, and gamblers, fast and fancy men, and, shame to say it, fallen women. We have no judgment to pass upon the sitting of any person in these places of fashionable resort, but we deny that the presence of any individual, however illustrious or eminent, sanctifies or even tends to lessen the depravity of play-houses, or to mit-

igate in any way the general evils which they inflict upon society.

Since the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, a running fire of words has been kept up between the friends and foes of theaters as to their moral influence. It is hardly fair, we think, that many of our pulpits and religious presses, while uttering dire pronouncements upon these amusements, have almost entirely ignored the fact that if respectable, moral, religious people continue to give them their countenance, they will and must take encouragement, and fling back upon the pious arguments of Christians the example of hundreds of their brethren, who nightly fill their boxes, roundly applauding, and adding greatly to their gains. The great plea is recreation, and we are told over and over again that our play-houses afford an especial tonic against that old-fashioned disease, religious intolerance, which now means every thing that speaks against lewdness, debauchery, gambling, and domestic infidelity. It is urged that the stage is a moral power, and lately it has been declared to be more venerable than Christianity itself, which is assuming rather too high a position for it, in the light in which it stands revealed by the last great drama it has given to the world. It is said that Vice is degraded and Virtue elevated upon the stage. But ye who profess to have morals, ye who worship God and Shakspeare on alternate evenings, would you send your son to a drunkard to learn lessons of temperance, or commit your daughter to Venus to study the chastity of Diana? A sermon from an impostor may have a moral—an impious clergyman may impose upon an audience by holy words, while his life is in utter contradiction to his profession. What stage-player or advocate of stage-playing would put faith in the lip-service of such a minister of God? Rightly, indeed, we might expect their condemnation of Christianity if such ministers were the rule and not the exception in our Churches.

While the private lives of illustrious actors are so thoroughly opposed to the plainest precepts of morality, we must be excused from looking upon the stage as a moral lever or as a power in the intellectual world, in the highest sense. Our dramas are not living representations of nature, or panoramas of passing and possible events. They crowd nature and outrage its simplicity, and force upon us extravagant and impossible pictures of the worst phases of society. Their rendering is frequently made still more vehement by the additional inspiration of intoxicating drink, and other incidentals of successful stage-playing. A long adherence

to this profession must operate to destroy individuality, and so confound the real with the ideal, as that a man shall lose the drift and purposes of the present in the shadows of the past and the imaginary. The character of nearly every actor bears a similar stamp of irresponsibility, fickleness, and flashes of goodness, sparkling out of the darkness, often of crime. A fit epitome is here furnished of the history of the stage. Many have escaped its perils and survive, honorable, it may be, members of society. By far the greater part who have clung to this desperate resort of genius have wrecked their all in its eccentric career, and are lost to the world in ignominious graves; the story of the rocket which shoots up and out in a blaze of glory but descends a poor, worthless, and blackened stick. We may invest their names with romance, but it detracts nothing from the pernicious influences they have left upon the world, or the dreadful nature of their example to the young. The more brilliant the genius, the more fearful their responsibility becomes.

We ought to make no compromise with this insidious foe to the peace and prosperity of society; especially we who believe in our creeds, and theories, and prejudices, if any please so to call them, in their pernicious effects upon the young, and the danger which is constantly rising from their fascinations to the morals of our children. There may be aristocracy here—there may be crowned heads and jeweled hands in the auditory, but the evil element is there, cropping out in every fictitious degradation of Virtue in rags and the elevation of Vice in purple and fine linen. Nothing but the strictest Puritanism, the inexorable never, never, can save our young men from the circle which closes around them, when once they have entered the charmed vortex of this smiling, radiant serpent, who hisses at last and bites and stings like an adder. We can not preach down the theater—we can not force it down, but we can live it down; so that ourselves and our children shall never be reached by its allurements or ruined by its dissipation.

We have heard so much pleading for the morals of the stage, that we feel like introducing the testimony of a London writer, an old playgoer, who is thoroughly disgusted with the present moral status of the stage. Why, he asks forlornly, have our theaters so degenerated in the character of the players and the caste of the auditory? And with a pathos which would be ludicrous were it not for the sadness of the fact, he goes on to say that managers have boasted to him that the best talent of the city

could be engaged for an evening at the price of a pot of beer. The same writer says, if it is argued that respectable people still follow the plays, he answers by saying that their degradation is felt and acknowledged, but can not be remedied. They continue the habit of going to while away leisure evenings, and to bring into the amusements of the day friends who visit London to see its curiosities, and become acquainted with its resorts for pleasure. We are not, surely, in so bad a way as this, with our elegant structures, our aristocracy of players, and elite of attendants. But we ask you carefully to examine the testimony of the conspiracy, and arrive at the conclusion, about how far we are distant from it, and how long it will take us to catch up. "We drank," "we stopped and called for whisky," "Booth had a bottle," and "Booth treated us," and "Booth took a drink," is the only evidence upon which these discrepant and bewildered witnesses seemed to have agreed. On the whisky question they were a unit, and Heaven only knows how available this element of sin was made in the whole wretched business of that eventful night.

So far as their personal freedom is concerned, it is true that our Congressmen and Cabinet officers have a perfect right to loose their burdens and raise their drooping spirits in the coarse jests of comic clowns and the profane applause of roystering pit-boys. They are only men, and if their education and tastes have kindled in their souls no higher aspirations, the more the pity for us. But how mothers and wives, who would blush to be imputed unchaste, can find here food for the mind or sympathy for the heart, is past our poor comprehension. Religion is oftener scoffed at and mocked than not, virtue is ridiculed, domestic fidelity is held up as a remnant of old fogyism, and marriage ties are made a jeer, not only in the acting but the acts of actors. It can not either be denied, that courtesans oftener than virtuous women tread the boards, applauded and encored by those of their own sex, who would blush to meet them in any other place but this. The very atmosphere must stifle domestic affection and maternal feeling. We purpose not to implicate many brilliant and accomplished women who have lived and died as tragedians, in the general wantonness which prevails among actresses, that disregard of conjugal vows and easy abnegation of the same. These are exceptions, not the rule—the brilliant and accomplished women we mean. We all know the social status of this class of popular entertainers. They are feted and caressed, seduced and deserted, but in their best days seldom intro-

duced to the family circles of their most insinuating flatterers. We know that there is no escape from collision with these characters in any of our public resorts. They flaunt by us in silks and jewels, and jostle us on the walk. They sit with us in houses of worship and are every-where recognized as members of society, to be endured but not affiliated with or encouraged. And yet when we give to the stage our patronage, we must often know that here our applause is bestowed upon what we so profess to abhor in our virtuous, womanly instincts.

Since the great tragedy at Ford's, I have heard refined women say, "I have been to the theater and I did not think I committed the unpardonable sin." But, fond mother, with daughters growing around you and sons still weighing the balance of right and wrong, would you be willing that they should urge your example of once going as an introduction to their entrance upon its dissipations? By the history of the stage as it is, not as it may have been; by the lives of actors in private; by the general caste of auditories, we can make up our minds effectually upon the position to which theaters are entitled as moral agents in the world. It is high time we should contend against the sophistry which would place our theaters upon a level with our schools and churches as moral levers in society. Let us regard as an insult to religion the plea that tragedy is older than Christianity itself. If, in the days of its purity—for it has had such perhaps—it has been countenanced by all our Presidents, from Washington down, in these its days of conflict with right, of destruction of virtue, and beggary and ruin of young men by hundreds, let us turn our faces without fear against them and their extension, and pray to God that some other profession may open to these wandering stars, less dangerous to the souls of our children and the best interests of community.

It makes no difference who or what illustrious names may have lent their importance to tragedy and tragedians. It neither sanctifies the means nor changes the ends by which they act upon the public. If it be evil, our presence encourages and justifies that evil, however much we may disapprove it in our hearts. We can not escape the responsibility. The public may call for us, popular pieces may be enacted, and especial invitations extended against our best convictions and the principles of a lifetime, but the public has no claims upon our conscience, and the higher our position is, the greater the encouragement we lend to what we regard as wrong and inconsistent with our pro-

fession. As Christians we have no business with any thing but the realities of life. These are exciting and terrible enough without resorting to painted scenes and farces for excitement. Our cardinal doctrine is truth—our great Exemplar is truth, and "in him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning."

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### THE HEART'S GUESTS.

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BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

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LIKE the plaintive notes of Autumn  
O'er the Summer's green,  
In the silent shadowy chambers  
Of the heart unseen,  
There are forms of grace and beauty  
Gliding to and fro,  
Breathing touchingly the music  
Of the long ago.

On us turn their kindly glances,  
Brown and azure eyes,  
Beaming with a truthful love-light  
Soul affinities,  
And the music low and sweeter  
Than Æolian lays,  
Hath the tender tone and cadence  
Of our by-gone days.

Often in the gay assemblage,  
Radiant and light,  
Where without the wintry tempest  
Makes the hearth-stone bright,  
All around the hum of gladness  
Yet with sigh apart,  
List me to long-silent voices  
Murmuring in the heart.

In our daily cares and conflicts,  
Or dark paths of woe,  
Where our stars of hope are fallen  
In the depths below,  
Where the spirit to them turning  
In its fear and grief,  
Feels their prayers and sacred counsels  
Bringing sweet relief.

They are with us in our sorrow,  
In our joy they smile,  
Many a lone and solemn hour  
They our thoughts beguile;  
And when nightshades dimly gather  
In our place of prayer,  
Come beloved, sainted watchers  
Smiling on us there.

O, there is a tender meaning  
In this imaged stay,  
Of the olden smile and love-look  
Through life's rugged way;  
Dear parental words of wisdom,  
With the chide and cheer,  
All along like angel-voices  
Whisp'ring in our ear.

"DID I NOT INVITE THEE?"

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

THERE was both surprise and grief in the old lady's voice as she exclaimed, "But did I not invite thee?" Then drawing nearer, and laying her hand upon the head of the young girl, she repeated in tones tremulous with feeling, "Did I not invite thee, my friend?"

As they thus stood there in that charming and fragrant conservatory they formed unconsciously a lovely tableau, but it would be hard to say which figure was most interesting. The one, with her white hair, mild blue eyes, and smooth, fair skin, set off by the snowy cap and kerchief, and the silvery hue of her rich yet plain Quaker gown, seemed, as she was, an emblem of purity and goodness; the other, with dark eyes and hair, had a face full of latent ability, which only needed to be conscious of the same to render it strikingly beautiful. The hum of many voices came to them from the parlor and library adjoining, for this was one of "Friend Wright's" reception evenings. Do you wonder how she, a Quakeress and a widow, past what is usually termed middle age, came to have "receptions?" I will tell you. For years no one in all the hospitable city of P. had been more noted for hospitality than "Friend Wright." To strangers in that large city who were proving by their own experience "how desolate is the soul of the stranger," her pleasant home had ever been freely opened, while with a soul as generous as her income was large, she delighted to seek out and relieve the sick and suffering. The joy of her life seemed to be to lend a helping hand to all who needed it. Now, it happened that she frequently found among her large circle of acquaintances various classes of persons who, though neither sick, nor hungry, nor homeless, still stood in need of help. Some of these were young mothers struggling on with their load of anxiety, who needed to be brought into contact with other mothers, that their spirits might be refreshed and strengthened by talking over their cares with those who had passed through the same experience, to say nothing of the refreshment mere change of scene would bring to those who seldom passed beyond the bounds of their nurseries.

Young girls, whose souls were the homes of pure thoughts and delicate feelings, which caused them instinctively to shrink away from their noisy, giggling companions, and who were never so much alone as when in the crowds

where they declared themselves to be having "a gay time," and where every young man who showed them any attention was pronounced "perfectly splendid!" seeking something better than the senseless flatteries which gave the others pleasure, and failing to find that something, no wonder that they preferred to stay away from assemblages where they could neither gain nor diffuse enjoyment. While Mrs. Wright esteemed these young friends all the more for lightly esteeming such society as they had known, which she assured them was only one side of the picture, she represented to them that their danger lay, not in society, but in seclusion, too much of which renders people egotistical, and narrows down to a few chosen ones that universal "charity" and "good-will" to all which should expand the heart of every Christian woman.

Again, she occasionally met persons of rare talents and rich cultivation who were working their way upward, striving to attain to that light which, if once rightly attained, would enable them to bless many others. But, while conscious that solitary study and earnest thought were needed to fit them for their life-work, she knew that the proper development of all their powers could only be secured and a healthful balance of mind maintained by contact with society. And so, to bring these different elements together, she had established the custom of throwing open her house at stated periods, and inviting all these in whom she had become interested to meet and mingle there. Some of her own people condemned those large assemblies as savoring of worldly conformity and promotive of frivolity; but so secure was she in the purity of her motives that she never troubled herself as to what others might say of her. And in very many cases she was permitted to see good results from her wise forethought.

Since in selecting those who were to be her guests, as I have already hinted, she had an eye rather to the inner qualities of mind and heart than to those merely surface recommendations, which even the most superficial can appreciate, it sometimes happened that the coat of some young man in the light of those elegant rooms looked decidedly "the worse for wear," or that the dress of some lady, though turned and made over to the best advantage, was rather to be esteemed for past service than for present beauty.

A sensitive girl, more than conscious of all her "shortcomings," on entering that beautiful house for the first time, had shrunk into a corner and wished herself at home again. Her

venerable hostess herself led her to the supper-room, where a repast was spread in such a style as to charm one's innate sense of beauty, while the viands were of a nature to delight the most fastidious palate. Instead of enjoying these things, as gratitude and love to her hostess required, she was only full of her own fancied unfitness and unworthiness for that beautiful scene. When the feast was over "Friend Wright" drew her young guest into the conservatory with the double purpose of obtaining a bouquet and of learning what was amiss. After some hesitation she was induced to confess all her over-sensitiveness, and then it was that "Friend Wright," having listened in silence, uttered the sentence which I have placed at the head of this sketch—"Did I not invite thee?" After a pause she went on: "Did I not send expressly for thee to come and share the entertainment I had provided for my best friends, and would thee wrong me now by fancying thyself an unwelcome guest? It pains me to have thee feel such distrust of my love at any time, and especially when thee are here in my house. Thee has disturbed the peace of my mind by so doing."

"But I feel that I am not worthy of your love, not worthy to be treated with such attention as you have been giving me. You are so rich and great, so far above me, that I ought not to come to your feasts. I should have staid in my own quiet home instead."

"Nay, if thee was ever so humble, and if I, thy friend, chose to set my affections upon thee and to bid thee come to my house, should thee not love me in return well enough to come at my bidding? And if when there I seek to make thee happy, should thee not permit me to do so instead of calling up doubts of thy worthiness to trouble us both? I fear it is pride rather than humility that makes thee wish to go away. Is it not so?" she asked, taking the young face tenderly between her two motherly hands. Then, pitying the conscious blush which suffused that face, she continued: "Whenever those ugly thoughts of thine own unworthiness come up drive them away by the question, 'Did not my friend invite me?' and then place confidence enough in thy friend to feel that, since she invited me, no one has a better right to be here. Nay, more, that thee could not have staid away without grieving her love."

Dear reader, have you not sometimes sat at that feast which Jesus has spread for all his followers, and instead of enjoying what his love has thus prepared for you, spent the time in useless and distressing thoughts of your

own unworthiness till you felt that you had no right to be there, and almost resolved never again to accept an invitation to his table? Is not this one of the many devices of the evil one, who, taking advantage of your tenderness of conscience, thus places all your sins in array before you and brings up in torturing vividness "all the mistakes, ignorances, and negligences" of your past life, and more especially those of which you have been guilty since your last communion season, on purpose to keep you from feasting on the love of Jesus and growing strong and vigorous in him? I have often thought it would be well for those thus tempted to ask themselves the question which Mrs. Wright proposed to her young guest—"Did not my Friend invite me to come to his house and sit at his table? And if he has thus invited me, have I not, all weak and unworthy as I am, a perfect right to be there? Nay, more, having issued this invitation to me, could I neglect it without grieving him?" Then, dismissing all thoughts of self, let your soul feed upon the exceeding greatness and preciousness of the love which Jesus has shown toward us in seeking us out and bidding us to his feast.

If while you are thus near to him there arises in your heart a thought of some very dear to you who have never been drawn to his table, that will be a good time to plead for them with our gracious Intercessor.

"'T was the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in,  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin."

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### MORN.

PEEPING through her purple bars,  
Down an endless street of stars,  
Melting all the ingots up,  
As her eyes more brightly shine,  
Morning in a crystal cup  
Floats the bubble earth in wine.

From the red lips of the sea,  
Out into immensity,  
Steals a tongue of green and gold,  
Soon to swarm with giddy dies,  
When the mighty landscape's rolled  
Farther to the western skies.

Splendor now by splendor quaffed,  
Deeper grows at every draught,  
Till the monogram of fire—  
The round, red halos of the sun—  
Fills with flame the heavens entire,  
And sweeps all glories into one.

## THE SISTERS AT BETHANY.

BY JULIA DAY.

HOW unlike were Mary and Martha! Yet both possessed qualities which entitle them to our admiration. The two sisters were friends of Jesus; and each represents a class of women found among his followers in every age.

Martha, of Bethany, has been, too often, unappreciated, her faults exaggerated, and her virtues overlooked; but when the living characters are before us hers is often the more popular. If any are inclined to think of her merely as a petulant, worldly woman, let them remember that St. John says, "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus."

We are first made acquainted with this family in the tenth chapter of St. Luke: "Now it came to pass as they went, that he entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house." It was Martha's invitation which brought Jesus to rest awhile beneath their roof. She knew that he went about doing good; and she delighted to prove her admiration of his holy life and earnest teachings by extending to him and those who were with him a generous hospitality.

Very soon Martha was busy making preparations for the expected entertainment. She had no perplexity in regard to those preparations, for Martha always knew just how every thing should be done. On this occasion it was settled in her mind that the supper must be provided, and that it *must* be done in the right way. When should she do her best if not now?

Time passes; her arrangements are not complete; she feels anxious and hurried. Probably Mary had been accustomed to assist her; now, when assistance is most needed, she is left to serve alone. But Mary "sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word." His words were such "as never man spake," and as she listened, he who seemed a holy prophet was revealed as her Divine Redeemer, "full of grace and truth." Those words furnished food for the meditations of succeeding years. The solemn events which followed gave them a power and a reality unfelt at first.

Martha little knew how much she required of her sister when she said to the Master, "Bid her therefore that she help me;" yet almost any one but Jesus would have thought her request a reasonable one. Probably it had never occurred to her that Christ cared to have her sister enjoy his teaching: Lazarus and others

were there to hear him. What did Martha do? Did she join the listening group around the Savior? Not while her work claimed attention. She continued to serve alone. The meal might have been delayed a few moments, but was, doubtless, served according to the most approved customs of the time and place.

We see the sisters again when a great grief has come upon them. Lazarus is dead. There is anguish and bereavement now in the dwelling which was cheered, not long since, by the presence of the Redeemer.

It is likely that Martha's active nature found some consolation in eulogizing her departed brother, and in seeing that every thing pertaining to the rites of burial was properly conducted. As soon as she heard that Jesus was coming she went out to meet him, "but Mary sat still in the house."

"If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." With these words Martha met the Lord. When he taught her most inspiring truths, and inquired, "Believest thou this?" she replied, "Yea, Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world." There is no hesitation here. It is always good for Martha to be drawn into an expression of her religious faith; at such times there is often brought out an intelligence and depth of feeling which her best friends had hardly expected.

As soon as Mary heard, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," she rose up quickly, and coming where Jesus was, fell at his feet weeping. She not only believed but felt that this was the Son of God. This sublime idea filled her soul, and naturally expressed itself in the most humble adoration. She repeated the first sentence which Martha had spoken. It was all she could say. Jesus did not question her. There was no need.

They approached the sepulcher. They knew that the precious form of their own brother was lying there. They knew that it was the Son of God whose voice said, "Take away the stone." What a world of anxiety and expectation is crowded into that solemn moment! Yet not for an instant does Martha forget the exact time which had elapsed since the burial, or its natural effect upon the lifeless body. Were she herself just entering the world of spirits, she would maintain a state of recollection in regard to the condition of material things. Lazarus comes forth.

From that tomb in Bethany we hear words which have rolled in sweet echoes all along the march of ages. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he

were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." These words have since appeared to loving hearts like a bow of promise overarching every Christian sepulcher.

After this Jesus came again to Bethany. They made a supper; Martha served; Lazarus "sat at the table with him." "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." It was customary to present water, that guests who had been traveling might remove the dust from their feet. Surely Martha had not forgotten this as Simon the Pharisee did on a similar occasion; but Mary had kept the most precious ointment for the feet of Jesus. Nothing is too costly to be bestowed on such a benefactor as a sign of gratitude.

Those who value every thing only as it tends to provide food and raiment do not always appreciate Mary's offering. Judas thought the money should have been given to the poor; but Jesus commended her as he did the "woman which was a sinner," who performed the same service in the house of Simon.

Nothing is written of Lazarus or his sisters after this; but when the risen Savior walked for the last time with his disciples, "he led them out as far as to *Bethany*." There is little doubt that Martha, Mary, and Lazarus were among the followers who received his blessing and gazed upon the cloud which received him out of their sight.

In our day Martha is a Church member. She is often the leading spirit in charitable associations and religious festivals of all kinds. She has an executive power which keeps every thing in order and every body at work. She never indulges in fits of abstraction. She is a splendid woman and a model housekeeper. She is never conscious of any selfish motive in her labors. Her cares are not for herself; yet underlying her desire for the comfort of her family and her guests is a wish that they may be provided for in a style creditable to her own management. Hence she is troubled about many things. She is presiding genius in the department of physical wellbeing.

When actuated by religious feelings she accomplishes much good. She sees to it that the Church is well furnished, that poor children are clothed for the Sunday school, and she is always doing something for the sick and the afflicted. She has her reward from Him who says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of

the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But she needs to be surrounded by religious influences. Having too great an anxiety in regard to merely temporal arrangements, pondering them till they seem all important, she is likely to undervalue that which is spiritual. She is too often cumbered with much serving, and no number of assistants, no position in life, can relieve her from this care, since she has a continued instinctive calling to supply the lack of service in others, and to direct those who have less energy and foresight.

When she loses her religious interest, she becomes not only anxious and hurried, but a little censorious. She thinks Mary might be making hoods and dresses, rather than spending so much time in devotional reading and week-day services. There are many ways in which she would like to make her keep up with the times. At this stage she loses her interest in Bible and missionary societies, though she still favors orphan asylums and industrial schools. Martha catches the spirit and fashions of the day by a kind of intuitive perception, and is always just in style.

Mary is meek, unassuming, and thoughtful, but diligent and persevering in every duty. She enjoys the earth as being the antechamber to heaven. She is blessed in the communings of her own heart, and in her acquaintance with the wise and good of all ages. Even when busied with numerous cares she looks from a higher stand-point, and though engaged with, is not immersed in or crushed under them.

Martha has a large crowd of admiring friendly acquaintances; Mary has a circle of dear friends bound by closer and holier ties. Martha's name often takes precedence, as it did among the villagers of Bethany; but young converts always love Mary, and so do little children. The Jews came from Jerusalem to comfort Martha and Mary; but St. John calls Bethany "the town of Mary and her sister Martha," and adds, as an explanation, "it was that Mary which anointed the feet of the Lord with ointment, and wiped them with her hair." There are some now who give Mary precedence on account of her love to the Redeemer.

If Mary and Martha are met by a mutual friend, Martha's cordial greeting always comes first, but Mary is equally delighted. If a great favor is conferred on them Martha is prompt, hearty, and sincere in the expression of thanks; Mary cherishes a more quiet, yet a more earnest and loving gratitude.

Martha realizes, from time to time, that she is too much absorbed in the cares of life; she

repents and draws nearer to the cross. When life's little round of years has passed, she bids adieu to her friends, wishes perhaps that she could have bestowed more thought upon the realities of the world to which she is going, but even now gives particular and appropriate directions as to the disposal of her worldly goods. She dies expressing her hope in the mercy of Him who is the resurrection and the life. She is deeply lamented. Her friends are cheered with the hope of future meeting; but in all their reveries they find it strangely difficult to picture her except as connected with the busy activities of mortal life.

When Mary has gone to that home which has so long been the theme of her meditations, each fond recollection points to the upper sanctuary. Memory tells that all her life bespoke a soul closely allied to Heaven. With her words of humble trust we remember her look of holy joy and reverence, till it seems that now her angel lineaments are all unchanged, but bathed in brighter radiance of bliss.

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#### DISCORDS.

BY ELLEN E. MACK.

"NOW listen," said an enthusiastic lover of music, as we stood beside him at the instrument—"listen to this fine strain." And his hands glided along the keys, calling forth a pleasant "concord of sweet sounds," which presently changed to a sweeter unison still; then came back again to the first; lastly went down upon a *nerve-racking discord*, half-way between a shriek and groan; but from this immediately outrolled a peal of deep and noble harmony.

My very heart pulse seemed still—my soul to have been borne away to heaven on the last faint echoes of that strain. "O," said the performer, with the light of a great inspiration in his eyes, "how like to the outbursting of a glorious hope is that! How like the sudden beaming of a smile from out a tear! How like the unutterable greatness of a joy that is born of sorrow! That *discord* is the best thing in music I ever knew." Incredible it seemed to me then, when the friend at my side whispered, "How strange! why, the discord spoiled it all for me."

Thus it is; there are the two kinds of souls, or, rather, the two habits of soul; the one which allows the discords in the great pean of life to drown its harmonies, and the other which makes the harmonies to drown the discords,

yea, to triumph over them; to utter a deeper significance—a higher sequence of joy because of them!

To realize how truly these two types do exist, we have but to look around upon a small circle of the human family and we find them. There are natural differences; but the most marked difference is between the truly Christian soul and its opposite. The former has alternately thrilled to all the notes of joy and sorrow in the world's gamut. It hath been shaken by doubts, it hath been weakened by fears, it hath been torn by sorrows; but these all have been made to sing to its ear of faith that exultant song, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God!" and this soul, in harmony with the Divine will, is attuned to all harmonies!

Its opposite—the dark and discordant soul—we shudder to think of or to come in contact with; but we have all met it, like a dark shadow, somewhere on life's pathway, and have been grieved and oppressed by it. It is beyond our power or wish to describe this soul which utters the discords, but represses the harmonies, till it giveth back no note of heaven.

The harsh and terrible discord of war which has but just died away in our land, is followed by the swelling notes of peace, freedom, and thanksgiving, in which we rejoice to-day; the noblest song that ever greeted a nation's ear!

There comes a time to us each when all the discords of earth concentrate themselves in one dread groan of dissolving nature. But from this the freed spirit bursts with the triumphal song of heaven and eternal harmony over earth and earth's discords. And "death is swallowed up in victory!"

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#### ON PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the moon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be.

Or if 't is e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray;  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way;

O, not a joy or blessing  
With this can be compared;  
The power that He hath given us  
To reach him with a word.

## ECHOES FROM THE OTHER SHORE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

WHEN loved ones in the vicissitudes of life quit our presence and companionship to seek homes in some distant part of the earth, where we may not hope to see them again, our hearts naturally follow them in their journey, and our minds are instinctively plied with the question, "Are they happy in their new homes and surroundings?" If nature prompts to this in respect of those who have simply changed a home here for a residence there, one spot of earth for another, how instinctively and with what hallowed interest does thought follow our sacred dead in their transferred life into the spirit-land with the painfully pressing inquiry, "Is it well with them in their new life and home? Are they happy amid the new scenes, companionships, and employments of the changeless world upon whose history they have entered?" These and similar soul-questionings press with weight upon every heart which is compelled in the providence of God to consign what is mortal of those it loves to the dark and silent land of the tomb. Is there no response to these anxious questionings of the human soul in the hour of bereavement? Falls on its listening ear no echo from the spirit-realm? Ah, yes, reader!

Something tells us—and is not that something, at least in part, "the divinity that stirs within us?"—that that principle which lit up the fire of those closed eyes, quickened the pulse of that throbbless heart, gave eloquent discourse to those hushed lips, and graceful motion to that paralyzed frame, still survives the shock of death and the blight of the grave! Thanks to Divine revelation that it is not true, as one has said, that "no echo from the spirit-world falls upon the listening ear of earth." Not true! Ah, no! for in the sublime revelations of God's blessed Word echoes do fall on our ears and hearts from beyond the other shore—even from the land of the deathless and the happy! St. John, upon whose rapt and thrilled vision on the dreary Isle of Patmos the scenes of the heavenly world broke in such startling vividness and grandeur, exclaimed over the beatitude and immortality of earth's pious dead, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, *Blessed* are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Heaven would have us know beyond all doubt, even in the full certainty and sublime

joy of our hearts, that when the pious quit the scenes and labors of time they enter upon a state of eternal blessedness in the spirit-realm: hence the "voice from heaven" which the beloved John "heard," giving precious response to the soul's deepest and holiest questionings in the hour of its bereavement, said, "Write"—ah yes! God would have that *written* where every torn and bleeding heart of earth could read it and draw solace from it—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." "*From henceforth!*" We have here an idea replete with sublimity and comfort. As much as though the Eternal One had said to John in this precious revelation, "If before this hour any of earth's bereft ones knew not that their dead, 'dying in the Lord,' were happy; 'from henceforth' let it be written in the everlasting Word, that all the present and future generations of earth may know it—'blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!'"

The loved and enshrined of our hearts, reader, are going, going every day from our homes and companionship; but, thanks to the Bible's unfoldings of the other life, voices from beyond the other shore, glorious echoes from the land of the living and the immortal, tell us that our pious dead are happy in their new home, associations, and employments! And is this not enough? Ere long, if faithful, we shall greet them beyond the river living and happy in the clime of the beautiful, the pure, and the deathless! With rare and touching beauty has one said upon this subject:

"And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,  
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;  
The mourner feels their breath of balm,  
And soothed sorrow dries the tear,  
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain  
Entrancing sound that hither floats,  
The echo of a distant strain,  
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,  
Beyond the river."

## "I AM A JEALOUS GOD."

If to the glittering toys of earth,  
If to the social homestead hearth,  
If to the title of our birth,  
If to the giddy scenes of mirth,  
If to the sparkling mines of wealth,  
If to the hygeian goddess, Health,  
If to the selfish love of praise,  
If to the friends of early days,  
Or to an ideal love may mold,  
We cling with an unyielding hold,  
With tears we'll learn beneath the rod  
Jehovah is a jealous God.

## SERVICEABLE PIETY.

A GOOD definition of serviceable piety would be—*following Christ* without question and without a murmur. Do the pierced hands point us up the Hills of Difficulty? Then up the steep acclivity let us go, even though we fall from running to walking, and from walking to clambering on the knees. Does he bid us follow him into the Vale of Humiliation? Then welcome be reproach for the sake of one who entered Gethsemane for us. He that loveth father or mother, houses or lands, more than Christ, is not worthy of him.

One day duty lays its hand of impressment on a gifted young man or woman and commands them to a foreign field. Christ says, "Yonder is thy sickle waiting for the reaper; yonder is the harvest waiting for the garner. No place for thee in these parts; thy place is beside the Ganges, or on the torrid sands of Africa." Following Christ makes such men missionaries. John Howard was but searching for the footprints of Christ in the dismal vaults of prisons and dungeons. David Brainerd found them amid the forest wild—and Henry Martyn was but treading them when he explored the jungles of India and the sand plains of Persia.

A man need not cross oceans either to follow Christ. Whenever the owner of a winning tongue turns away from the allurements of the bar or the rostrum, for the privilege of preaching salvation to the dwellers in some remote, unnoticed parish, he is following Christ. Whenever a layman determines not to sleep away his Sabbath afternoons on his sofa or over his newspaper, but to go out after the ignorant, squalid waifs of the alley and the tenement-house, what is he but following his Master, who, if on earth, would delight in the mission school more than in the cathedral? Whenever a sweet daughter of the Church decides that, instead of passing an idle hour in pulling silver bells on marble door-steps, she will climb to the attic where wretched poverty is groaning on its sick bed, she is surely following Him who went about doing good. Whenever you see a heroic statesman standing up in his high place for justice, the truth, and liberty, you see one—as far as that noble act is concerned—who obeys Christ rather than man. And on the other hand, when a professing Christian is seduced into scenes of frivolity and folly, or into the cabals of intrigue and chicanery, then he and she is turned squarely away from their Master and their model. For where Christ would not go, if on earth, no Christian ought to go.

Would it not be a strange place to look for the Savior in the ball-room, or the theater, at the card-table, or the convivial party, in the caucus where honor was sold and righteousness bartered for "the spoils?"

Blessed is the man who never sets his foot in any path of conduct without looking carefully for the way-marks of his Master, and consulting his guide-book! Through some lowly doors, where pride must stoop low to enter, he may be called to pass.

Over thorny paths he may be made to tread. Up more than one monument of sacrifice, bearing heavy crosses, he may be summoned. But so that Christ be the leader, he may not be afraid to follow. And in heaven it will still be his joy and his glory to "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." There the "Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, shall lead him unto living fountains of waters."

The differences of life disappear at the grave, and all become equal again there. Then the outward clothing of rank, of earthly position, high or low, is laid aside, and each enters the presence of God alone, as an immortal soul. Then we go to judgment and retribution. But the judgment and retribution of eternity are for the same object as the education of time; they are to complete the work left unfinished here. In God's house above are many mansions suited to one's condition. Each will find the place where he belongs; each will find the discipline which he needs. Judas went to his place, the place which he needed, where it was best for him to go; and the apostle Paul went to his place, the place best suited for him. The result of life with one man has fitted him for glory and honor; another is only fitted for outer darkness; but each will have what is best for him. We may throw ourselves away, but God will not throw us away. We belong to him still; and he "gathers up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost." When we pass into the other world those who are ready and have on the wedding-garment will go in to the supper. They still find themselves in a more exalted state of being, where the faculties of the body are exalted and spiritualized, and the powers of the soul are heightened; where a higher truth, a nobler beauty, a larger love, feed the immortal faculties with a divine nourishment; where our imperfect knowledge will be swallowed up in larger insight and communion with great souls in progress. Then faith, hope, and love will abide—faith leading to sight, hope urging to progress, and love enabling us to work with Christ for the redemption of the race.—*Rev. J. F. Clarke.*

## The Children's Repository.

### DO YOUR BEST.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"Do your best, Frank," said aunt Eunice to her nephew, Francis Worthington, as she stopped a moment under the wide-spreading pippin-tree where he was gathering apples for Winter.

"There's not much 'best' about gathering apples, aunt Una, I should think. Just fill up your baskets with them; that's about all there is to it."

"Still there is a right and a wrong way about doing every thing," said his auntie. "An idle boy might take a half a day to do what need only take an hour. He certainly would not do his best. Work briskly if you wish to save time and enjoy your work. Good, vigorous work sets the blood coursing through the veins with twice the energy that sluggish people ever know. Then, too, a careless boy might injure the apples by throwing them down hard on the ground or into the basket. You can not handle fruit too carefully if you wish it to keep well. Try in every thing you do to-day, Frank, to do your best, no matter how simple a thing it is, and see if you have not succeeded better than usual when night comes."

So saying aunt Eunice walked on to the house with her little bouquet of late Autumn flowers.

"Do your best," thought Frank. "Well, that's a new idea to me; I generally do things quick enough, but I can't say that I do them so very well. I guess I'll pick off the rest of these apples instead of knocking them down with a stick."

So Frank made a decided improvement in his mode of gathering his apples, and by working away with all his might soon had the last basketful safe and snug in the cellar.

"Now I am off," said he, strapping up his books and throwing them over his shoulder. Then he threw the strap off again for a moment and took a good look at the way it was adjusted and secured around the books.

"I was just seeing whether I had done my best, auntie," he said with a laughing glance at his aunt, who was arranging her few flowers to the best advantage in a goblet set in a saucer, garnishing all with an abundance of green leaves.

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"That's right," said she with an approving nod. "He that is faithful in that which is least, will be quite likely to be faithful in that which is greater. You see I am trying to do my best over my flowers. If you had not strapped your books up in a proper manner you would probably have lost one or more out, perhaps into the mud. It is always important to do your best."

Frank started off to school with a bounding step, which was not a bit less light because he had spent an hour in useful work that morning.

He tried faithfully to do his best in every recitation during the day, and was really surprised to see what a difference it made with a boy's lessons.

As he walked home to dinner by the side of Harry Niles they both stopped a moment at the post-office according to custom.

"Good, my new magazine has come," said Harry as they walked on again. "Let's look at the pictures," and he stopped a moment on a smooth, broad stone to cut a few leaves with his knife.

"Do your best, aunt Eunice tells me," said Frank, as Harry cut away at the leaves in a very irregular manner. "You'll spoil your book that way."

"Let's see you try it," said Harry; "I guess you do n't know how hard paper is to cut, though it is easy enough to tear, I find out by the looks of my books when Clara gets hold of them."

Frank sat down on the stone and laid out the magazine carefully on his geography. Then he drew the knife carefully through the edges, keeping them pressed down firmly with his fingers. It was soon done greatly to the satisfaction of both boys. They were excellent friends, though Harry's father was rich, and Frank was the son of a widow in very moderate circumstances.

"How I wish I could take a magazine," said Frank with a hungry look at the fascinating pages.

"Why do n't you get up a club, Frank?" said the other. "If you get five new subscribers they will give you an extra copy to pay for your trouble. I dare say you could as easy as can be."

Frank's mind became possessed of the idea directly. He could hardly wait till he got home to tell his mother and auntie about it.

"Do you really believe I can do it, mother?" he asked.

"I should not be at all surprised," said mother, "if you only persevere and work faithfully. You know sometimes you make a little

effort on something you wish to do and then give up before little discouragements. You must persevere if you wish to succeed in any thing."

"You must do your very best about it, Frank," said auntie, "and I feel quite confident that you will succeed beyond your expectations."

"When would you begin?" asked Frank.

"When Alexander was asked how he had been able to conquer the world, he answered, 'By not delaying.' 'A word to the wise,'" said aunt Eunice, smiling.

"I'll begin this very afternoon," said Frank with energy. "I will borrow some magazines of Harry to show the boys, and tell them what a good thing it is, and how much we can learn from it coming twelve times a year, and all that, and you see if I don't get a subscriber before night."

Frank did his best and persevered in the face of a good many discouragements, but before the month was out he had ten subscribers, which gave him a prize copy, and a prize bound copy of the year before also. Was n't he a happy boy?

He said he had just learned how by that time, so he set out on another expedition, and this time he succeeded in securing a copy of a most excellent magazine for his mother—a journal she had long desired to possess, but with her limited means had been unable to afford. There is no telling what a boy can not accomplish who does his best. He gets a reputation, too, that is worth every thing to him.

"That's a fine, energetic little fellow of widow Worthington's," said the newspaper-dealer, who had chanced to take notice of his efforts to secure subscribers to the two magazines. "Such a pleasant, honest face and wide-awake manner are as good as a thousand dollars capital to him. I wonder if I could n't secure his services to go around and get my subscriptions renewed this holiday vacation. There are three weeks of it before school takes up again, are there not, Mr. Aikin?"

"Yes, we give them three weeks this time," said the trustee. "We find it takes a week before and a week after holidays to get the children's heads settled enough to attend to books. About that lad, you will not find a more faithful one in the village. I believe he really tries to do his best, and that's saying a good deal for a boy."

So the paper-dealer thought, and he made a bargain that very evening with Frank, offering him three dollars a week for his services.

There were not many richer boys than Frank

was that night, while his mother's heart was brimful of thankfulness and pleasure.

"The Lord has sent it to us just at the time we needed it most. Now, Frank, you shall have a good warm suit for the rest of this Winter, and you can have the pleasure of knowing you earned it yourself."

"You see how much good comes from trying to do your best," said aunt Eunice. "'A good name,' says the wisest of men, 'is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.'"

"There was once a manufacturer of earthenware," said mother, "who, from small beginnings, finally acquired a most extensive business and a good reputation for his superior work. One day an intimate friend asked him if there was any particular secret in his manufacture that had made it so famous.

"None whatever," said the man, 'only this, I never allow my name to be stamped on any article but the very best that the house produces.' So whoever bought a piece with his name on it would know that it was as good as it could be made. There were no flaws in ware which had that name stamped on them. So it came to be a noted fact that if you wanted a good article you must look for his trade-mark. His good name was the foundation of a great fortune."

"No matter how little the matter is," said aunt Eunice, "it is worth doing well. You can not impress that too often or too deeply upon your mind. The boys in Samuel Budgett's great establishment, who did not straighten nails well, were never advanced to the next highest position; but those who did their little duties well were steadily promoted till they became head clerks in the salesrooms. All the boys who have risen to high positions from humble ones, have always been faithful in little things."

If you wish to succeed, boys and girls, you must each learn to do your best. Sir Joshua Reynolds was one of the greatest of painters, yet once he did not know any more of the art than you do. He made it a rule to "make each painting the best," so he was continually improving. "If you are only a shoe-black," said a man of large experience, "try to be the best shoe-black in the neighborhood." It is a great deal better to be a very superior white-washer than to be a poor landscape painter. Choose a pursuit for which you have a natural tact and stick to it. Try and do all your duty in it faithfully, and you will not fail of the blessing of God and the favor of your fellow-men.

## THE OLD PUMP-HANDLE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

HERE it stands, just on the corner of the street; and how natural it looks! The same dull, red, clay color, washed of the rains and faded of the suns; and the old oak handle, worn with use, and channeled and dented, hanging there like an arm shriveled and palsied. How natural it all looks! And yet I, who stand here to-night, take hold of the old pump-handle with feelings crowding and hurrying through my soul that nothing else could awaken. The stars shine overhead, running their little, golden streams here and there among the clouds; the mists lift and curl along the distant river like gray sails, and here I stand.

How easy this strong man's arm lifted the old pump-handle; and yet it must have been hard for her—for her, with her little, thin, blue arms, that I see now toiling, toiling away—the arms that are folded so still now.

There she lived, in the little row of old, dirty, low-roofed tenement houses, that were pulled down years ago to make room for the stately warehouses; and just yonder I lived, in the tall, bleak, rickety old dwelling, with its broken stair-case and cracked windows, that stood where the lumber-yard stands now. And I used to watch her every day as she came out of the house, in rain or shine, with her old black hood and her scanty dress, and the great water-pail that was almost as large as herself.

As in our dwellings there was little to choose, so I think there was as little in our lives. Bare, squalid, crushing poverty loomed over both, and the ignorance, and misery, and hardness that comes to it.

What a childhood we both had—defrauded, dark, wretched on every hand! And for me—I shudder to think of what I was then—standing on the border of my eleventh year, soured, coarse, ignorant, with hardly a hope in the world, my life and associations—faugh! I will not go back into that time! I took little interest in any body or any thing at that time; but somehow that small, shivering, pitiful figure, with the great water-pail, did awaken in me a sort of curiosity and sympathy, as I watched it going back and forth every day—back and forth.

One morning I saw it as usual, after a heavy rain, and a fierce cold that followed and froze the water on the side-walks and made them as slippery as glass. How carefully she picked her way over the stones, which lay in their crystal sheathing of ice! She went down hard

twice, and must have bruised herself sorely, I am certain; but then she was used to all sorts of "hard knocks" in a world that had been cruel on her from her birth. So she picked up the water-pail, which had fallen out of her hands, and slipped painfully along.

At last she reached the pump and grasped the handle, but that too was coated with ice. It slipped out of the small hand every time she took hold of it, and finally she stood still, looking at it with a wan, helpless, despairing look, that went to my heart—mine, as I stood watching by the window. An impulse took me suddenly, and I rushed down the rickety stairs, and out of the house, and over to the pump.

"Little girl," I said, "won't you let me fill your pail? The handle is too slippery for you."

What a look of surprise and pleasure kindled the little, tired, wan, pinched face! She had not been used to kind speeches, or helpful deeds, that was evident. What an inner light came into the sorrowful blue eyes, and thanked me as I seized the handle, and in a moment the thick stream of water was dancing and splashing out of the old pump.

Would you believe it? I met my fate and my angel there.

When it was done, she looked at me a moment with a pleased wistfulness. Something fluttered up to her face.

"An't you very good?" she asked.

"O, no, I'm not a bit good," I answered honestly, and for the first time in my life I wished that I was.

"Yes, but I think you be," answered the girl, with an eager positiveness. "I'm sure you be, and you'll make a good man one of these days."

The tears swelled into my eyes. All the dull pain, and sullenness, and dull longing at my heart seemed suddenly to pass away. I resolved at that hour that I would make good that child's prophecy; I would be a man come what might; I would struggle and fight my way out of the thick hedge of circumstances that walled me in on all sides. My soul rose in me exultant; my heart throbbed; the blood tingled at the ends of my fingers.

I walked home with the little girl that morning. I learned something of her life, and she something of mine; and afterward we had many meetings at this old pump. Mercy Bray was her name. It may not be the prettiest name in the world, but it seemed so to me.

The years have slipped away since then. I am a young man now. Through thick and through thin I held on to my purpose. I

fought my way step by step out of that thick hedge of poverty and misery, that walled me round and darkened over my boyhood. I went to sea, and came back more than once or twice, and still I carried her poor, little, pale face, her shivering form as it stood at the old pump, in my thoughts; and I told her that as she came up in her teens—that, and a great deal more—little Mercy Bray; and I thank God, O, I thank him with unutterable joy and gratitude, that through me her last days were better than her first—little Mercy Bray!

And to-night I am back again. Step by step I have risen, till now I am first mate of the vessel that I entered as cabin-boy. And here stands the old pump, and the mists rise, and the stars smile overhead.

Does Mercy know, I wonder, that I am standing here to-night for her sake, with my fingers grasping the old pump-handle?

The little, chilled, pinched figure lies paler and more pinched still among the cool shadows and under the soft grasses of Greenwood. There is a little head-stone there, and on it is engraved the name, which is the sweetest name in the wide world to me, and that I carry close over all the world. Little tired hands, you have your rest now; you have dropped forever "The Old Pump-Handle."

#### PRIDE OF DRESS—A FABLE.

A LITTLE boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talked proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got, what a fine blue jacket and trowsers, and what a nice pair of shoes! It is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from, or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you think of that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds or worms."

"True," said a sheep, grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some member of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers furnished the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen in that field, were killed not merely for their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make shoes for you."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them! And even then we could not use them, if God did not give the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit for wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

#### REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

BY HELEN WILLS.

REMEMBER thy Creator

Now in thy early years,  
Ere thou hast learned to sorrow  
Or weep with bitter tears.

Remember thy Creator

While thy young life is bright,  
Ere thou hast known affliction,  
Or passed through sorrow's night.

While flowers are round thee springing,

And thou thinkest not of grief,  
Remember thy Creator—

Thy time on earth is brief.

The eye that now beams brightly

May soon be filled with tears,  
And the form that's now so sprightly  
May soon be bowed with cares.

Remember thy Creator

Ere grief shall lay thee low,  
And the spirit that's so buoyant

At sorrow's shrine shall bow;

Or earth shall bind thee captive

With all its vanities,

Promising days in future

More joyous still than these.

Thou'lt find that earthly pleasures

Are mixed with base alloy,

While heaven hath countless treasures

Which time can ne'er destroy.

Remember thy Creator

While thy young life is bright,

Then wilt thou have a treasure

Which naught can ever blight.

## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### *The Family Circle.*

**CHILDREN ARE WEALTH.**—Many are deterred from marriage for fear of the expenses of supporting a family. It is a great mistake. A single man spends more in suppers and cigars than would support a wife. Few men lay by much till they have attained the object to lay by for, and thus it comes to pass that a family is now, as anciently, the best of hostages to fortune, and none are so much to be trusted as those who have the largest families. Still as a family increases around a man he is very apt to feel as if five or six children were a constant drain upon his efforts at accumulation, and that children were poverty instead of wealth. But it is not so, at least in every respect, or even on the largest and broadest sort of scale.

Thus, for instance, in a national point of view, our first method of estimating the greatness of States is by the number and rapid increase of inhabitants. Every child born in the United States makes the nation so much the more respected abroad and powerful at home, so much the more wealthy and intelligent, for on the average each citizen produces more of the wealth than he consumes, and in some department or other adds to the accumulating stock of wisdom and experience. Now a nation is but a great family, so may we best test our views of what is best for a family by what is good for a nation.

Children are weak and need support when the parents are strong to support them, in order that they may be strong when parents are weak, and able to protect them, and thus is made up that bundle of strength which a large family ever generates. Each wisely-brought-up and well-educated child is the best of all investments of a parent's wealth of money, of affection, and of effort. Happy still is the man that hath his quiver full of them. They are as arrows in the hands of the mighty. Children keep a man young. He who mingles only with those who are older than himself soon grows old; but he who accustoms himself to mingle largely and freely with those younger than he as surprisingly retains his youth.

It is the remark of Bulwer, certainly one of the closest and best observers of human nature, that it is a good sign for a young man to love the society of men who are older than himself, and for an old man to love the company of those who are younger. It is thus that youth acquires the experience and wisdom of age, and that age retains the vigor, freshness, and elasticity of youth. Children have in themselves a fund of wealth in the overflowing affections which God has given them, which they impart to all who come near and have much to do with them. If they

call out the energy of a man and make him work hard in the hours of business, they relax and refresh him with their warmth, and geniality, and absence of care in the hours of relaxation and of throwing it off.

There is many a father fearful he shall not be able to give his son so good an education or so good a start in life as he had or as he could desire if there is a large family to share his savings. But there is the best of all sorts of education in the attribution of a large family. Franklin bids a young man who would marry well to avoid only daughters, but select his wife out of a large family, because there are a thousand rough edges of temper that get rubbed off by the mutual action of a number of young people on each other. Each learns to be conciliating. Like pebbles on the sea beach, they polish and round off each other. But even in the pecuniary point of view children are wealth. For they make a man economical just at that period in life when he is most disposed to branch out into extravagance. From the full possession of conscious powers, making money very easily, he is apt to spend it as fast. If he does this, as his strength declines poverty must overtake him, and disappointment or dependence cloud his latter years; but by pinching when money is coming in fast, when his children are grown he has no retrenchments to make, but rather a power to expand and to take the world more easily while he is surrounded by protectors who love him because he has been their protector.

**ILL-MANNERED CHILDREN.**—Sadness fills the mind to see how early infantile playfulness and grace are frost-bitten and wither, even before budding. The passion for jewelry is instilled in the cradle. It is distressing to see nurslings with rings and bracelets, and so on upward through all gradations of age. It is especially American, and we must suppose this fashion is borrowed from the Indians. Then again, before they can spell or read fluently they "polk," and are put bodily through the deforming manipulation of the dancing-master, as if the dancing-master could give that genuine graceful deportment which the French call *tenué*. Their little embryo minds and hearts are already poisoned with coquetry and love of show. They have beaux, receive calls, banquets, make appointments; rivalry and envy, in their ugliest shape early take possession of their souls.

For years I have observed this disease all over the country, in all cities where I have seen society. Above all, it is painful to one's feelings at hotels and watering-places. When I see here in the evenings, in

the parlors, rolls of these little dolls and fops dressed, ribboned, jeweled, fanning themselves monkey-like, in imitation of the elder part of society, I feel an almost irresistible itching in the fingers to pinch their mammas. Nurseries seem not to exist in America. In this respect the manner of bringing up children is far superior all over the continent of Europe. There children are kept children as long as possible, and all care of parents and families is bestowed to watch over the tender blossoms and preserve them from the heating, unwholesome influence of parties and motley company. It was so once likewise in England, and the bad example given by the reigning Queen, who, in overfondness for her numerous progeny, originated, or at least made fashionable, these juvenile parties, in which children fully equipped in all the freaks and oddities of grown-up persons represented withered dwarfs. One thing is certain, that no such bejeweled, affected, distorted creatures as are to be met in America in streets, public and private parlors, at juvenile and grown-up parties, are the "little children" called to himself by the Immortal Teacher of simplicity, love, and sincerity.—*An English Lady's American Travel.*

**EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.**—Lord Shaftesbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that from personal observation he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years, and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age there were forty-nine chances in favor and only one against him as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under sixteen. It can not be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases, and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-nine per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection. We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending-money never earned by the spender, opening the doors of confectioneries and soda-fountains, of beer, and tobacco, and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant, and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical, and moral ruin. From eight to sixteen; in these few years are the destinies of children fixed in forty-nine cases out of fifty—fixed by the parents. Let every father and mother solemnly vow, "By God's help, I'll fix my darling's destiny for good by making home more attractive than the streets."

**TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.**—In dealing with servants our readers must not infer that we would advocate the abolishment of any proper distinction between

the employer and the employed; we are very far from intimating that it is the duty of the mistress to make companions of her servants or encourage them to any thing more than a most respectful familiarity. Our deportment as men and women should be such toward all that they would feel the utmost freedom in communicating with us in regard to plans for their prosperity, and, above all, their troubles. An undue familiarity, a patronizing manner on the part of the mistress, will surely degrade her in the eyes of her servant. We should ever be polite to all subordinate to us. The obligation to be so to such is greater if possible than to those who are equals or superiors in social status; all this is perfectly consistent with a course that would ever command the most perfect deference. I have known many gentlemen and ladies, whose annual incomes were fortunes, who observed the utmost politeness toward their servants; and it needs but a slight knowledge of human nature to enable one to see that this course is to an extent a guarantee for the good behavior and good-will of the servant. Look at facts in families where the servants are so treated, and our inferences will be shown to be just. A haughty demeanor, a disregard of the amenities that are so agreeable to us, are quite certain to work very unfavorably and lead them to be reckless of the feelings and interests of their employers. We have admitted that our servants, as a class, are bad enough, but we sincerely believe that incivility, insubordination, and dishonesty are very much more likely to, and do, as a matter of fact, much more generally occur in families where the unquestioned rights of servants are ignored. Every servant has a clear claim to kind, polite treatment, or, in other words, our deportment toward them should be guided by the injunction, "Whatsoever, therefore, ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them."

**FUN AT HOME.**—Do n't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Do n't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons let them think that all birth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work begins that ends in gambling-houses and reckless dissipation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Do n't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influences of a bright little domestic sanctum.

**RELIGION.**—The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are every-where of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers livery they wear make them strangers here.—*Penn.*

## WITTY AND WISE.

**AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.**—Talleyrand was once in the company of Madame de Stael and another eminent French lady, whose name we do not remember.

"You say charming things to both of us," said Madame de Stael to him; "which of us do you like best?"

The wily statesman artfully replied that he was delighted with both.

"Ah, but you prefer one of us," continued Madame de Stael. "Suppose we were both drowning in the Seine to-night, which of us would you help first?"

"I would extend my right hand to Madame de Stael and my left to Madame yonder."

"Yes, but suppose only one of us could be saved, which would you attempt to rescue?"

Talleyrand's diplomacy was pushed to its severest test, but not one whit discomposed, he turned to Madame de Stael and replied, "Madame, you who know so many things doubtless know how to swim."

**TABLE ETIQUETTE.**—In the town of W., Oneida county, New York, resides a wealthy but ignorant and eccentric farmer named Wilcox. Mr. Billings, from the neighboring city of Utica, called to see him one day on business, and was invited to stay to dinner. The substantial portion of the meal having been discussed, a piece of pie was placed before each person at the table. Taking his fork in hand Mr. Billings essayed to eat according to etiquette; but his proceedings soon attracted the attention of the host, who was industriously shoveling up the contents of his own plate with a knife.

"Mary," shouted the hospitable farmer, "why do n't you bring Mr. Billings a knife? Here he is pokin' away a tryin' to eat his pie with a fork."

And, by the way, if it was a two-pronged steel fork, as is probable, he had a difficult undertaking.

**THE USES OF ADVERSITY.**—These are thus summed up by Punch:

You wear out your old clothes.

You are not troubled with visitors.

You are exonerated from making calls.

Boreds do not bore you.

Sponges do not haunt your table.

Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.

Itinerant bands do not play opposite your windows.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.

No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial.

No tradesman irritates by asking, "Is there any other little article you wish to-day, sir?"

Impostors know it is no use to bleed you.

You practice temperance.

You swallow infinitely less poison than others.

Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears.

You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache.

And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure in a very short space of time to know it.

**WOMAN'S WIT.**—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said,

"I do not wish to tell my age; not that I have any objection to its being known, but I do n't want it published in all the newspapers."

"Well," said the witty Mrs. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you do n't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay."

The ruse took, and the question was not pressed.

**BEWARE OF THE CHILDREN.**—"What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced gentleman of a little urchin whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door was accordingly opened by the boy.

"Yes, sir," quoth the urchin innocently, "and mother said if you were not a natural fool you would n't come on Monday morning when every body is washing."

At this juncture mamma, with a sweet smile of welcome, made her appearance at the end of the hall, when, to her surprise, Mr. Verisopht, the visitor, bolted.

"What in the world does the man mean?" inquired ma.

"I dunno," gravely replied the urchin, "guess he forgot suthin'."

**THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.**—Lysimachus, for extreme thirst, offered his kingdom to the Genii to quench it. His exclamation when he had drank is wonderfully striking: "Ah, wretched me, who, for such a momentary gratification, have lost so great a kingdom!" How applicable this to the case of him who, for the momentary pleasures of sin, parts with the kingdom of heaven!

**MODESTY AT THE WRONG END.**—Those who are ready to make a fuss about other people's want of modesty are often they who are themselves most obnoxious to rebuke. Thus it was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of true modesty either, who remarked when other girls were making fun of her short skirt and white hose and affecting to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party, "if you'd only pull your dresses about your necks where they ought to be they'd be as short as mine." She was not troubled any more.

**YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.**—The following is a capital example of self-ignorance and a phase of avarice: An old, miserable bachelor, possessed of a fortune of £40,000, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it: "About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing before I could prevail upon an unconscionable dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for half a crown. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe that he would not have abated me a single farthing if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and determined rather to die than submit to his extortion."

## Scripture Satire.

**CHRISTIAN COURAGE.**—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." *Philip. iv, 13.*

Human life is a stern reality; it is a grand problem to solve—a great responsibility to meet. It is a nice thing to live a successful human life; it is a still grander thing to live a successful Christian life—to meet all its duties, to partake of all its experiences, to bear all its crosses, to resist all its temptations, to cultivate and manifest all its graces, to do and to leave, to enjoy and to suffer, to hope and to believe, to know how to be abased and how to abound, how to be full and to be hungry—to live successfully such a life is one of the sublimest spectacles this earth affords. When we contemplate all that is meant in the life and character of true Christian, we wonder not that we often stagger and halt before it. When we remember the truth, the purity, honesty, goodness, forbearance, gentleness, meekness, patience, activity, zeal, benevolence, etc., which are enjoined upon and to be found in the Christian, we exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Surely, if it were wholly a human enterprise we would not undertake it. It is only when we remember the Divine assistance, when we are assured of the Divine provisions made for it, when we hear the promise of the blessed Jesus, "Lo I am with you alway," or "my grace is sufficient for you," or "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," that we gather courage, and are able to exclaim, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me!" It was thus that Paul grew strong and courageous, even in the face of difficulties, confident that through Christ he was prepared for all things.

This courage is indispensable to the Christian. "Fearful," the timid companion of Pilgrim in his progress, soon became alarmed and turned back. The timid disciples in the days of our Lord once exclaimed, "Who then can be saved?" as they listened to the way of salvation as taught by divine lips; and on another occasion debated the question of turning away from Christ, after listening to his sublime definitions of a Christian's life. Our Lord illustrates most strikingly the evil consequences of this timidity in his parable of the talents. Said the man of one talent, "I knew thee, that thou wert a hard master, reaping where thou hadst not sown, and gathering where thou hadst not strewed, and I was afraid and went and hid thy money."

There is a species of false courage among Christians—that which arises from underestimation of the Christian character, and an overestimation of the individual's own strength. We have seen some very weak Christians, who were at the same time very self-confident; some whose knowledge of a true Christian life was very limited, and whose piety was not very extensive, who yet had a very excellent opinion of their attainments, and who thought it a very easy matter to be a Christian. We can not help feeling suspicious of any man who counts it an easy thing to live the life of a Christian. We feel that he is either sorely de-

precating the Christian life, or very self-conceitedly overestimating himself.

There is a false courage arising from reducing knowingly and intentionally the Christian life. We have many of a certain class who find it easy to be Christians for the simple reason that they bring the Christian character down to where it is easy. Whatever is hard they set aside as superfluous and unnecessary—all cross-bearing, all self-denials, all humiliations, all stern duties, all trying responsibilities they dispense with. They reduce the whole Christian character to a mere name and profession, and then find it easy enough to be a Christian. By true Christian courage we certainly mean neither of these, but that apostolic state of mind which contemplates the whole reality of the Christian life and character, and then in the consciousness of its own weakness exclaims, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but looks to the source whence help cometh and exclaims, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me!"

Let us contemplate, then, the true Christian—"the all things" of the apostle.

1. *The true Christian accepts all Christian duty.* He does not underestimate or attempt to evade the whole sum of duty. He neither takes from the grand total, nor in the details does he discount from the measure of each duty. He understands that the commandments are to be kept, and that too in their obvious and plain meaning. If the law reads, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart, he does not understand that he is to love God with some of his heart. If it commands him to love his neighbor as himself, he does not understand it to mean provided the neighbor is a good one and the task is easy. To him the life of a Christian is a life of earnest activity, of duty and responsibility. He is to love mercy, do justly, and walk humbly with his God. He is to defraud no man, to live peaceably with all men, to do unto others as he would they should do unto him; he is to do good, to bless them that curse, to pray for them that persecute, to forgive enemies, to work for God and man, to pursue the things that are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. He understands his duty in all its measurement, and yet exclaims, "I can do all things."

2. *The true Christian accepts all Christian experience.* Christianity is more than duty—more than outward obedience. It is experimental, it is inward, it is spiritual; it is being in the outward visible Church, but it is also being in the invisible Church of Christ; it is walking uprightly in the outer court, but it is also bowing reverently and devoutly in the inner temple. The true Christian is to keep God's commandments outwardly, but he is also to love God supremely inwardly. He is to do right to his neighbor, but he is also to feel right toward his neighbor. The life is to be acceptable to God, but the heart also is to be right in the sight of God. In the Christian life there is much to do, but there is also much to experience—

many graces to be cultivated—God is to be found, and loved, and worshiped; his image is to be formed anew in the heart; he is to inherit the mind of Christ and breathe his spirit.

3. *The true Christian accepts all Christian responsibility.* He is a disciple of Christ; he is a co-worker with God; he is a friend of good, an enemy of evil; he is enlisted in the endless warfare between good and evil, virtue and sin, light and darkness, liberty and bondage, God and Satan. He has a work to do; he is to advance Christ's cause; he is to build up the kingdom of light and overthrow the kingdom of darkness. He is God's steward, holding himself, his talents, his possessions subject to the will of God. He accepts all the responsibilities growing out of the relations of life, as son, brother, husband, father, neighbor; as daughter, woman, wife, and mother, and yet exclaims, "I can do all things."

4. *The true Christian accepts all Christian crosses, temptations, self-denials, and trials.* To him it is not a life of sloth, or indolence, or ease. He has not so learned Christ as to feel that he must "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." He is a soldier of the Cross—he has foes to face, battles to fight, floods to stem. He knows that he is to be a good man in a wicked world—a good man in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil—a good man in the midst of strong and powerful temptations to do wrong—a good man though like Christ he bears the cross up the hill of Calvary—a good man though poverty and want, sorrow and grief may be staring him in the face through life. The lines may have fallen to him in pleasant places, yet he is to be good. He may be a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, yet he is to be good. He is not to be seduced by prosperity; he is not to be overcome by adversity. He is neither to be puffed up by riches and forget God, nor to be cast down by poverty and steal. We know that this is hard to flesh and blood; we know how the heart often sinks and the very soul often quails under it; yet this is the Christian; he accepts it all and still exclaims, "I can do all things."

5. But now what folly to contemplate the achievement of such a life through human strength alone! We know that many things can be done by man, and perhaps many things that we ordinarily call good can be done by man; but who, when he contemplates the full character of the Christian, does not feel that that is something beyond mere human ability? Man may reform his character, may cultivate his mind, may refine his manners, but by himself alone he can not make a Christian. And yet it was a Christian in the full sense of the word, in all the comprehensiveness of that noble character, that Paul was contemplating when he said, "I can do all things;" but then he immediately added, "through Christ which strengtheneth me!"

*Let us look, then, at the Christian's strength.*

1. The Christian is a man of God—not a self-reformer or self-cultivator, but one who has accepted a system, adopted a plan, laid hold upon a remedy. He is a disciple of Christ, and accepts and finds in him the strength, the wisdom, the righteousness, the sanctification, and the redemption which in his weakness, and ignorance, and wickedness, and corruption, and guilt-

iness he is conscious that he needs. "I am crucified with Christ," said this great apostle; "nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God;" and so says every true Christian. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," said Paul, and so says every true Christian.

"Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me—  
All my trust on thee is staid,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find,

Just and holy is thy name—  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace."

So sings the true Christian, in the full consciousness of his own weakness, and in full faith in the sufficiency and grace of Christ.

2. Christ is the strength of the Christian. Perhaps it is impossible for us to tell in all respects how. He is strength to the Christian as a teacher and instructor—as himself a glorious example—as a sublime inspiration. Yet this can not meet all the apostle means, nor all the Christian receives from Christ—directly, personally, Christ strengthens his disciples. Christ is in us and with us. Into the weak soul he infuses divine strength. Where man would stumble, and fall, and fail, Christ puts wisdom, and strength, and grace into his soul. What man himself can not do, Christ does in him, and gives him strength to do. "It is God that worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure."

3. He that would be the true Christian must be a believer in Christ, and must expect and receive strength from Christ. Without this he may be something else, but without this he can not be a Christian. For Christian success he must at least believe in Christ as a powerful, present, and efficient Savior—one who can supply his deficiencies, who can give strength to the weak, who can quicken the frail, imperfect, imbecile moral powers of the human soul. He must believe in Christ as a sympathizing friend; that he has the power to help and the disposition to help; that he knows our infirmities, can sympathize with them, and has power to strengthen and overcome them. "Be of good cheer," said the Savior; "I have overcome the world;" intimating that the same strength by which he triumphed, is the treasury of grace on which his disciples may perpetually draw, and in that strength they too may overcome. It is thus the true disciple of Christ contemplates in holy confidence the full sum of the Christian life, its duties, its experiences, its trials; and looking to the triumphant Savior he exclaims, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.—Give me, O Lord, the things which are convenient for me, whether I desire them or not. Keep from me, I beseech thee, O Lord, all evil things, even though I should most earnestly wish and pray for them.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**HISTORY OF THE MARSEILLES HYMN.**—The "Marseilles Hymn" was associated in my mind with the city of Marseilles, and, supposing it was written there, I made some inquiry in reference to it. As a national song it had prodigious influence during the Revolution; and so often has it been sung, with joy, by Terrorists, Jacobins, and Revolutionists, and heard with paleness and trembling by the friends of monarchy and legitimacy, that it is engraved on the very soul of France. Its awful chorus,

"Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

has often caused the blood of the man in blouse to boil over, and that of the aristocrat to freeze. Its history is in this wise:

Early in the Revolution, Rouget de Lisle, a native of the Jura Mountains, was a young officer of the garrison at Strasburg. He was a musician, a poet, a soldier. He was often an inmate there of the family of one Dietrick, with whose daughters he became a favorite. The family was poor but patriotic. "I have one bottle of wine left," said Dietrick one evening to his daughters; "bring it, and we will drink to liberty and our country. Our city is going to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must compose a hymn for the occasion." The bottle was brought and exhausted. De Lisle retired at midnight, his whole soul inflamed. He spent the night humming and rhyming, rhyming and humming. He dozed. Rising with the day, he wrote the hymn and the tune. He called the family of Dietrick together, and a few other friends. They were all musicians, and loved poetry. They sang, they wept, they rejoiced together. The national song of France was written. It flew from club to club, from city to city. It was sung at the opening of all the clubs of Marseilles. A band of young men, called "The Confederates of Marseilles," marched to Paris to aid the conspirators there. These confederates received the name of Marseillaise; and, singing the hymn as they went, it spread over France like lightning. Hence its name, "The Marseilles Hymn." The language and the tune are peculiarly exciting, and when sung in full chorus is said to inspire even a horse for the battle. Its singing was forbidden by the Bourbons, but in the Revolution of 1830 it became again the national song.

But the history of this famous hymn is not ended. Dietrick, whose wine and exhortation inspired the poet to write it, was marched to the scaffold, to the sound of the notes first sung in his own house by the aid of his family and a few friends! Nor is this all. The author himself was proscribed and fled. In passing along the wild gorges of the Alps, he heard its wild notes rising around him, and he shuddered. "What do they call that hymn?" he asked the guide. "The Marseillaise," was the reply. He himself called it "An Offering to Liberty." It was thus he first knew the name under which his hymn was destined to immortality. It is right to add that Louis Philippe, on

ascending the throne of France, found out Rouget de Lisle, who was then seventy years old, and granted him a pension of 1,500 francs from his own private purse.—*Letters from an American Clergyman.*

**HOW TO FILL A HANGING BASKET.**—Hanging baskets are usually made of wire; many, however, are made of terra-cotta, earthenware, and rustic work. Of all mentioned, perhaps, the latter is the most tasteful, and the most beautiful.

If the basket be made of wire, we must procure some moss with which to line it, to prevent the earth from falling out. The best moss is that which is to be found growing in the woods by the sides of small streams, and in other like damp places. In selecting it, preference should be given to that of a bright green color, and that which is not grown too tall. Well, having selected our moss, our next step must be that of placing it in the basket. This is easily done, and requires no directions other than that in placing it be careful to arrange it so that it presents an entirely green surface on the outside. Do not try to shave off too much of the earth on the inside, but allow it to remain fully an inch thick.

The next question to be considered is the soil. We have found that three-fourths potting soil—such as is usually employed in green-houses—and one-fourth sand, answers admirably. Fill the basket half full of the above mixture, and then select your plants.

We think that to look well, a hanging basket should not have any thing in it that will stand up too high, or which, by growing, may be out of all proportion to the size of the basket. We refer to such plants as fish and rose geraniums, roses, fuchsias, etc. Ferns form most appropriate centers; around the edges *trandescantia*, periwinkle, and lobelias may be used to advantage. If the basket be suspended with a wire or chain of considerable length, nothing looks more charming than to see a *maurandia* or *thunbergia* running up the wire. The beautiful *sisyrinchia discolor* is exquisite in this position.

Never put the most common plant in a dirty pot.

Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through; every pot should have half an inch of vacancy above the compost.

**THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF CREATION.**—In our opinion that excellent philosopher, F. Stein, of Prague University, has rendered final judgment on this matter in these words: "A faithful and conscientious search into the propagation and development of the minutest animal forms of life proves that they are procreated only by like forms of the same species, that under no circumstances do they develop themselves from dead matter, and that no kind of experiment can produce the simplest living atom. How the first form of every species has been brought into existence is a question which lies beyond the limit of natural sciences, and which they never can answer; they have

a right to be proud at having furnished the proof that life is only developed by life, but they can not pretend to discover the secrets of creation. All efforts in this direction, which have lately again been made by Darwin, we may safely consider as utter failures."

**EXPANDING THE LUNGS.**—Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then, fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and, after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to any one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is about the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

**FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.**—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open, cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long, cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In the Winter when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the ends of the stems, and put them in water wherein a little niter or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing flowers with the most lively colors and agreeable odors.

**PRESIDENTS OF THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE.**—Mr. Wesley always presided while he lived: hence the first President was elected in 1791. There have been 51 Presidents in 74 years. Of these 36 served only one term, 12 have served twice, 2 three times, and 2 four times. Thirty-five Presidents have died, two of them during their year of office; namely,

Joseph Barber, elected a second time in 1815, and William L. Thornton, elected in 1864. Sixteen are still living. Of these, John Hannah, D. D., has been President three times, and Thomas Jackson and John Scott have each filled the office twice. Of those now living, seven are occupying official positions; namely, G. Osborn, D. D., Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society; C. Prest, Secretary of the Home Missionary Committee; J. Hannah, D. D., Theological Tutor of the Northern Branch of the Theological Institution at Didsbury; J. Lomas, Theological Tutor of the Southern Branch of the Theological Institution at Richmond; J. Farrar, Governor and Chaplain of the Woodhouse Grove School for the sons of ministers; F. A. West, Governor and Chaplain of the New Kingswood School for the sons of ministers; and J. Scott, Principal of the Normal Training Institution, Westminster. Three are superintendents of circuits; namely, S. D. Waddy, D. D., W. W. Stamp, and J. Rattenbury; and Messrs. T. Jackson, J. Dixon, D. D., J. Stanley, I. Keeling, R. Young, and J. Bowers are supernumeraries.

The following table contains the entire list:

1791 Wm. Thompson,	1828 Jabez Bunting,
1792 Alex. Mather,	1829 John Hannah,
1793 John Pawson,	1830 George Morley,
1794 Thos. Hanby,	1831 George Marsden,
1795 Jos. Bradford,	1832 Robert Newton,
1796 Thos. Taylor,	1833 Richard Treffry,
1797 Dr. Coke,	1834 Joseph Taylor,
1798 Jos. Benson,	1835 Richard Reece,
1799 Samue <sup>l</sup> Bradburn,	1836 Jabez Bunting, D. D.,
1800 James Wood,	1837 Edmund Grindrod,
1801 John Pawson,	1838 Thomas Jackson,
1802 Jos. Taylor, sen ,	1839 Theo. Leasey,
1803 Jos. Bradford,	1840 Robert Newton,
1804 Henry Moore,	1841 James Dixon,
1805 Dr. Coke,	1842 John Hannah, D. D.,
1806 Adam Clarke, LL. D.,	1843 John Scott,
1807 Joseph Barber,	1844 Jabez Bunting, D. D.,
1808 James Wood,	1845 Jacob Stanley,
1809 Thos. Taylor,	1846 Wm. Atherton,
1810 Jos. Benson,	1847 Sam. Jackson,
1811 Charles Atmore,	1848 Robert Newton, D. D.,
1812 Jos. Entwisle,	1849 Thos. Jackson,
1813 Walter Griffith,	1850 John Beecham, D. D.,
1814 Adam Clarke, LL. D.,	1851 John Hannah, D. D.,
1815 Jos. Barber,	1852 John Scott,
1816 Richard Reece,	1853 John Lomas,
1817 John Gaulter,	1854 John Farrar,
1818 John Edmondson,	1855 Isaac Keeling,
1819 John Crowther,	1856 Robert Young,
1820 Jabez Bunting,	1857 F. A. West,
1821 Geo. Marsden,	1858 John Bowers,
1822 Adam Clarke, LL. D.,	1859 S. D. Waddy, D. D.,
1823 Henry Moore,	1860 W. W. Stamp,
1824 Robert Newton,	1861 John Rattenbury,
1825 Jos. Entwisle,	1862 Charles Prest,
1826 Richard Watson,	1863 George Osborn, D. D.,
1827 John Stephens,	1864 Wm. L. Thornton, M. A.

## Literary Notices.

**LINCOLN MEMORIAL.** *The Journeys of Abraham Lincoln: From Springfield to Washington, 1861, as President Elect, and from Washington to Springfield, 1865, as President Martyred.* By William T. Coggeshall. Published at the office of the Ohio State Journal. 12mo. Pp. 327. Cloth, \$1.50. Paper, \$1.—This book was published for the benefit of the fund devoted to the erection of monuments in Capitol Square, Columbus, Ohio, in memory of Abraham Lincoln and of Ohio soldiers fallen in battle. The editor has patiently endeavored to make a correct record of Mr. Lincoln's

memorable journeys as President elect and President martyred, and has succeeded in making a very interesting and valuable book. It contains also Mr. Lincoln's two Inaugurals and an account of the assassination and the arrest of the assassins. The entire proceeds, after paying the expenses of publication and of sale, go into the treasury of the Ohio Monumental Fund.

**THE STORY OF THE GREAT MARCH.** *From the Diary of a Staff Officer.* By Brevet-Major George

*Ward Nichols, Aiddecamp to General Sherman. With a map and illustrations. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 394. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—Major Nichols's service as Aiddecamp on the Staff of General Sherman began with the fall of Atlanta and continued to the close of the war. Consequently he was a participant in the whole of the "grand march," and a witness of its most thrilling features and events. The most remarkable occurrences were noted daily in his journal, and from that diary this story of the march is compiled. The author is a good observer and an excellent writer. It would not be difficult for almost any one to make a readable book out of these thrilling materials. The Major has gone far beyond the mere readable and made it intensely interesting. It is by far the best account we have yet had of the wonderful campaigns of Georgia and the Carolinas. The publishers have issued it in beautiful style.

*NATIONAL JEWELS: Washington, Lincoln, and the Fathers of the Revolution. By Rev. Andrew Manship. 8vo. Pp. 123. Philadelphia: Compiled and Published by Rev. A. Manship.*—This book is well named. It gathers into a convenient form for use and reference the "jewels" of our National history, which we all desire to possess, and to which we frequently need to refer. It contains The Declaration of Independence, The Constitution of the United States, Correspondence of Bishops Asbury and Coke with President Washington, Washington's Farewell Address, The Inaugurals of Mr. Lincoln, The Announcement and Proclamation of Emancipation, Address of the General Conference to President Lincoln and his reply, Funeral Solemnities at the White House, Bishop Simpson's Funeral Oration, and "A Divine Jewel—The Lord's Sermon on the Mount."

*THE HISTORY OF METHODISM WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE ERIE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Rev. Samuel Gregg, author of "Infant Church Membership," and "Early Ripe Fruit." Vol. I. 12mo. Pp. 354. New York: Carlton & Porter, for the author.*—The Erie Annual Conference was formed by the General Conference which met in Cincinnati, May, 1836, but its history extends back beyond that period nearly forty years, and it is through this incipient state of its existence that the reader is conducted in the present volume. The author has spent some six years in collecting the materials for his work, gathering up his facts from sources that are rapidly passing away, most of them from living witnesses. He thus at a timely moment rescues from threatened oblivion the history of the great work of God through an interesting period and a large and important territory. It will prove a valuable contribution toward the history of the Church, but is also a work of much present interest and value, and ought to be welcomed throughout the region of whose history it treats, and can be read with profit by every one interested in the growth and spread of Methodism. Bishop Roberts, whose portrait embellishes the title-page, holds a prominent place in the history.

*ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD. By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," etc. 12mo. Pp.*

*240. Cloth, \$1. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*—The author of the famous "Life Drama"—one of the most interesting yet wild and fantastic, most poetic yet most extravagant poems that has appeared in modern times—tries his hand at prose fiction. There is not much to learn in the book; the story is very simple, has no plot, and stops without ending; and yet we venture to say that very few will begin to read it who will not be drawn on to the end. Its charm lies in the style—plain, simple, beautiful, classically English, it is really a model in prose composition. On a page opened at random containing 262 words, 247 are Saxon, and 198 are of one syllable. With such words he gives us a simple, touching chapter in the life of a struggling English family, that keeps up the interest till it is done, and sometimes brings moisture to the eyes.

*LILIAN: A Story of Martyrdom in England Three Hundred Years Ago. Five illustrations. 18mo. Pp. 209. New York: Carlton & Porter.*—This is an admirable little book, and can not fail to interest and improve every young reader who will read it. It is a faithful representation not only of the trials and persecutions to which godly people were exposed, but of customs, manners, and daily life in England three hundred years ago. It is in the form of a story, but it is true to life and history, what all stories ought to be or else they should not be written. The book is beautifully gotten up by the publishers.

*THE POWER OF KINDNESS. By Mrs. H. C. Gardner. Four illustrations.*

*POPPY'S SPRING HOLIDAYS: A Story for Children. Four illustrations.*

*THE CROOKED TREE. By Una Locke. Four illustrations.*

The above constitute Nos. 744, 745, and 746 of the Sunday School Library, published by Carlton & Porter. We can heartily indorse any thing written by Mrs. Gardner; Una Locke is already well known to readers of Sunday school books and the Sunday School Advocate, and we can recommend "Poppy's Holidays," although we do not know the author. Add them to the libraries, they are safe and good.

*THEO LEIGH. A Novel. By Annie Thomas. Author of "Dennis Donnie" and "On Guard." No. 255 of Harper's Library. Paper, 50 cents. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

*PAMPHLETS.—Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for August, 1865. Edinburgh Review, July, 1865. American editions. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. In the magazine Mrs. Oliphant's interesting story, "Miss Marjoribanks," moves on toward its completion, and Cornelius O'Dowd still discourses on "Men and Women and Other Things in General." The Review is replete with excellent articles. Every American scholar ought to receive these reprints, which the American publishers are offering at less than one fifth their cost in England.*

*Catalogue of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary, Gouverneur, New York. Rev. George G. Dains, M. A., Principal. Students, 285.*

*Linden Hill Academy, New Carlisle, Ohio. James C. Foye, A. B., Principal.*

## Editor's Study.

### THE DEMON OF GOLD.

DICKENS, in his "Mutual Friend," thus portrays the leading passion of England in our day: "As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in shares is the one thing to have to do with in the world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners; have shares. Have shares enough to be on boards of directors in capital letters, oscillate on mysterious business between London and Paris, and be great. Where does he come from? Shares. Where is he going to? Shares. What are his tastes. Shares. What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never of himself achieved success in any thing, never originated any thing, never produced any thing. Sufficient answer to all; shares. O mighty shares! To set these blazing images so high, and to cause us smaller vermin, as under the influence of henbane or opium, to cry out, night and day, 'Relieve us of our money, scatter it for us, buy us and sell us, ruin us, only, we beseech you, take rank among the powers of the earth and fatten on us.'"

The portraiture suits this side of the ocean as well as that. With us the word "stocks" is more familiar than "shares;" the thing, however, is the same, and the wild, mad devotion to the thing is the same. It is the worship of the age—the mania of the hour. "The god of this world" in our day is mammon. "The first and great commandment" of this religion is, get wealth, honestly if you can, but get wealth. Have no country, no heart, no convictions—have wealth. The public mind is morbid; it thirsts for gold; it reverences gold; it measures every thing by the standard of gold. All at once from being a comparatively idle world, we have of late become an insane world, toiling, straining, overworking brain and muscles, in the mad strife for wealth.

So many new sources of wealth have been opened, so many improvements in the arts discovered, so many facilities for trade invented, so many labor-saving machines made, that we have been seduced into the belief that scarcely any need actually labor, that all may be rich. Success is deified; society is poisoned by making money the standard of respectability, while little regard is paid to the manner in which it has been acquired. The foundation of morals is sapped—conscience is obliterated; the grand somnific of success puts all to rest, and guilt and shame are wiped out by the homage paid to our gains. Hence the resort to unlawful and disreputable means to gain wealth; and hence, too, the pressing of even legitimate means to a morbid and ruinous extent for the purpose of rapid gains. We are unsatisfied with the moderate but sure influx of wealth that comes from patient and persevering industry, but must strike for whole fortunes in a day. The temptations to dishonesty, to breach of trust, to base tricks of trade, to great hazards in hope of large returns, are almost irresistible.

How this demon of gold has been raging through

the past four years in our country! At a time when the nation should have been sobered and chastened by the booming of cannon, the shrieks and groans of the dying, the tears and the weeds of the widowed and the fatherless, this demon has raged more furiously than ever before in our history. Enormous speculation, extortionate contracts, frauds upon the Government, reckless banterings with gold and stocks, often to the endangering of the finances of the country, mingled with the music and festivity, the fashion and pleasure which seemed to make up together the mad revelry and dance of death. The war is over, and yet the passion rages. The demon aroused by the excitement of the contest refuses still to be exorcised. The men who made vast fortunes through the war are famous; they appear at the watering-places; they sport equipages; their incomes are fabulous. Their gains only aggravate their own thirst for more; and their success and triumphant *entrée* into society, stimulate the masses still behind them in the race. Hence the continued "bulling and bearing" on 'change, the wild hazards in stocks, the determined enhancement of prices, the frauds and defalcations induced by the same feverish mania, the wholesale hazards in gambling among even public men, the reckless risking of trust-funds: hence the Townsends, Jenkines, Earls, Stones, Ketchums—not, we believe, as representatives of the business of the country, but as wretched types of the end to which this passion of gold is leading.

Side by side is this gold mania, and born of it is the passion for extravagance raging in the land. Persons who suddenly and rapidly acquire wealth must find means of displaying it. The extravagance is but one phase of the passion. The whole thing is but a morbid excitement that must not only be kept up on the street and at business, but must be continued at home and in society. The overwrought machine must not stop. Like the old-fashioned steam-engine the danger of explosion is when it stands still. Hence the giddy round of fashion and pleasure, of music and festivity. Never have we had such a season of festivity before as was presented at the watering-places through the season that has just passed. The numbers far surpassed any former gathering of the elite and moneyed aristocracy of the land. Every thing was conducted in a style of unparalleled display. Young ladies with eighteen trunks, two or three changes for each day, and each outfit worth thousands of dollars! "A love of a wife" with \$28,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry on her head, and a special policeman employed to guard that precious head from the molestation of daring pick-pockets! Once upon a time people were content to drive two horses, and even one, before their carriages. This season nothing short of four-in-hand was considered the *ton* at Newport and such places, where some of the extra fine gentlemen drove as many as ten or twelve magnificent horses at a time. The ladies, in a spirit of emulation, got up pony teams, but were not content to drive a pair. They harnessed three, and

then five, together, and had postillions and outriders, and made a show which became greater and more extravagant as the season advanced.

These aristocrats of money have run their mad race of extravagance and show at the fashionable watering-places, and have returned only to commence in our cities a season of equally ridiculous display. All classes are taking advantage of the recklessness and extravagance of the day. Now that pleasure, fashion, and expenditure rule the hour, those who cater to this spirit have become as daring as the crowds they serve. The theaters, the opera-houses, and other places of amusement, have all brightened up and refitted, and have advanced their prices a hundred per cent. beyond the old rates; but this has no effect upon the masses; the audiences are constantly increasing in number. Our fashionable shops have given themselves up to the mania with an abandonment which is fearfully admirable. Every extravagant and costly device that can cater to this spirit is brought forward. The prices are brought up to the level of the spirit that rages. A lady's bonnet—a little piece of velvet and a flower—now costs one hundred dollars, and can not be manufactured fast enough to supply the demand. Silks, satins, and laces cost nearly their weight in greenbacks, yet never were they so profusely worn. Gloves cost what was formerly considered a week's salary for many people, while other styles of dress range in the same ratio. So we go, with a Government two or three thousand millions in debt; with a burden of taxation that falls principally upon the poorer masses of consumers—whose murmurings are beginning to be heard as they feel the weight of this burden, and of the enormous prices that have been created by this spirit of extravagance and speculation; with every third or fourth house in the land still mourning for its dead; with half our country in desolation from the ravages of war, and millions of our people almost famishing for bread!

In the mean time there comes up from the mass of the people the *bruit* of the same excitement, the same uneasy restlessness, the same breaking away from the restraints of moral and social order. Readers of the daily press are shocked by the reports of multiplying and outrageous crimes. Murder, incendiary fires, street robberies, rapes, riots, burglaries, and outrages too horrible to be mentioned here, sicken and appall the public mind. Desecration of the Sabbath, drunkenness and profanity, degrading and debauching amusements keep pace among the masses, with luxury, extravagance, dishonesty among the worshippers of

mammon. In this day of abounding crime it would be an interesting question to investigate how far the example of the recklessness and known dishonesty and corruption of certain men of position, of office, and of wealth has gone down with its influence among the masses, and wrought mischief among the rude, and illiterate, and reckless. It is certain that the same feverish spirit which leads to bold, and reckless, and disreputable means of gaining wealth, manifests itself among the masses—that the demon of gold can possess and infatuate the poor man as well as the banker. It is certain that the examples of suddenly and rapidly-acquired fortunes without labor, diffuse a contagious spirit among the people that leads multitudes to determine to live without labor. It is certain that examples of extravagance among persons suddenly made rich, and who, perhaps, can well enough bear the expenditure, engenders a spirit of extravagance among masses who can not bear the expenditure. It is certain that the exorbitant prices forced upon the necessities and comforts of life by the extravagance and speculation of mammon-worshippers, bear more heavily on these masses than many are aware of, and are leading toward hopelessness and desperation. It is certain, too, that if, as is constantly asserted in our secular papers, extortion, fraud, and corruption rule among the officials of a high and of a low grade who govern the country, the State, and the city, the vicious will quickly infer that if men of authority may rob, under pretext of law, others not in authority may do the same thing in defiance of law.

But we can not pursue this subject. The body-politic, like all other organized bodies, is one; what affects a part, affects the whole. Society is bound together by the laws of social order, and these pervade the entire mass; an infringement of these laws in the upper or in the lower strata is felt throughout the whole. The examples of the high react upon the low; the vices of the wicked make themselves felt among the virtuous and the high.

In the mean time the eternal laws of the individual and of society remain the same. It is still as true as when the Lord spoke it, "Ye can not serve God and mammon." "The love of money is the root of all evil," is still a living principle of morals. St. Paul may still preach, "They that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Virgil may still sing,

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames!"

### Editor's Table.

TRAVELING.—Our calls abroad are giving us fine opportunities to become acquainted with the broad territories, beautiful localities, and exhaustless resources of our great country. We are finding ourselves becoming quite enamored with the "Great West," with the earnest, enterprising people, with the ever-recurring evidences of healthy prosperity, with the rapid growth

of towns and cities, and with the warm, vital Christianity which we find prevailing in many of the Churches. What a heritage God has given us in this goodly land! We used to hear our friends talk of the "Far West," when referring to what is now the great central State of Ohio; now we go sweeping on day after day, and night after night, toward the setting

sun, and yet can not find "the West." Wherever we go the people are still claiming a central position, and the West is still beyond them. It is now generally settled, we believe, that the West has migrated beyond the Mississippi; but our St. Louis friends insist upon it that the last seen of it, it was passing over the Rocky Mountains.

We have just returned from a beautiful trip down the Ohio, to visit one of the flourishing little cities of Indiana, grown up into a population of some twenty thousand and a wealth of millions in about thirty years. As we sailed down the noble Ohio we could not but wish that some of our artists would realize what rich, unsketched scenes are here awaiting the life-giving touches of their pencils. Here are scenes rivaling the best of the Hudson, the Merrimack, or even the mountains of New England. Another impression kept constantly asserting itself as we passed along the river; namely, the obvious difference between the two sides of the stream—the cultivation, the enterprise, the prosperity of the one side; the equally-beautiful scenery, rich soil, and resources of the other, but the want of life, activity, and enterprise. We tried to persuade ourselves that we were looking through prejudiced eyes; but no, the fact was constantly recurring and making itself apparent, that on the one side were the growing little towns, the richly-cultivated farms, the busy people, that characterize the civilization of freedom; but on the other the indolence, the want of enterprise, the undeveloped resources that characterize the civilization of bondage. How long will it take our sister State of Kentucky to learn that her true interests are on the side of freedom? With her central location, her salubrious climate, her rich soil, her heroic people, a single utterance of her will demolishing slavery, would instantly add millions to her wealth, and infuse a new life and spirit worth more than mines of gold.

**THE WASHING-MACHINE.**—In an age characterized by the invention of labor-saving machines, it is not surprising that many attempts have been made to relieve the great burden of the washing-day in our families. No day in all the week is more dreaded than wash day by those who have to perform the labor, and by the whole house that has to put up with the manifold inconveniences incident to this great occasion. Not only is the servant, or the already overworked wife, or the patient and dutiful daughter doomed to a day of severe toil, straining every muscle, rubbing and wringing, in an atmosphere heated by a blazing fire, and contaminated with vapor loaded with the exhalations of unclean garments, but the order of the whole household must be set aside to accommodate the necessities of this dreadful day's work. The inventor of a perfect washing-machine would be a benefactor of the race fully equal to the originator of the sewing-machine. Great as is the need for such a machine, and numerous as have been the attempts to meet it, the full requirements of such an instrument have not yet been met. Out of more than a thousand washing-machines patented, scarcely more than a dozen have had even a partial success, while only three or four are really meeting with public favor. This experience has been rather discouraging to families, and in the midst of so many failures, multitudes have given up in

despair of finding a good machine, and have become skeptical on the whole subject.

That was our own state of mind when our friend, Rev. W. S. Lunt, of Fostoria, Ohio, sent us one of "*Doty's Patent Clothes and Wool Washers*," with a request to try it fairly, and if it was a failure fearlessly to say it, and if it accomplished its object to give it the praise that it should merit. We had no faith; and when we saw the machine, so simple, so light, so easily managed, we became still more doubtful. However, we placed the little machine in the house and ordered it faithfully tried according to the directions. We watched its operations ourself, we even washed on it, put a little daughter of fourteen years at it, have continued its use for several weeks, and now make the following report:

All hands pronounce it excellent; "the girl" says it is splendid, and that she would leave us if we gave up the machine; wife says it is a great labor-saving machine, and lightens the burdens of wash-day full one-half. Our own report is, that it is simple in construction; is readily put right by any mechanic if it should get out of order; is easily worked by any one, either sitting or standing; is a great economy in the wear and tear of clothing; is light and portable, and much cheaper than other machines that do the work no better. We believe that with "*Doty's Washer*" and the "*Little Giant Wringer*," full one-half, if not more, of the labor is saved, and much more than the cost of the machine every year in the wear of clothing. And we bear this testimony from no personal motive, but from a desire honestly to recommend a good thing to the families into which the Repository enters. The machine is also highly recommended by good authority for purposes for which we have not used it, such as washing wool in the fleeces, carpets, etc. We do not pronounce it perfect, but we do believe it is a great advancement in the right direction, and will prove a great economizer of time, labor, and money in every family that will use it. Our own acquaintance with the machine is through Rev. W. S. Lunt, of Fostoria, Ohio, who will forward information and circulars to any desiring them.

**ENGRAVINGS.**—We present this month a very fine portrait of the great American missionary, Dr. Miron Winslow, accompanied by a sketch that admirably presents in a short space his noble Christian character and his remarkable labors. Such a man as Dr. Winslow is the property of the whole Church, one of the genuine sons of Christianity, of whom we can scarcely stop to inquire to what particular branch of the great family he belonged. In the engraving you will find an excellent likeness of the venerable man; the artist admirably expresses the pure and excellent character of his subject. In the picture of Kingston Creek Mr. Wellstood has given us a quiet and beautiful landscape from the original of J. R. Brevoort.

**A CORRESPONDENT.**—We greatly like the spirit of our fair correspondent exhibited in the following note:

*Dear Mr. Editor,*—Seeing the two articles with which I favored you among the declined of one of your last issues, I feel "encouraged" to trouble you again, especially when I take into consideration the narrow escape one of them made. I think it quite an honor to lend a helping hand toward swelling the list of the "respectfully declined," but hope that by

diligent application and earnest research I may some time be enrolled among the "accepted." I hope your "critic" will not frown upon my humble efforts, but will bear in mind that I am only a girl—doubtless a good many years his junior. I sha' n't promise not to trouble you any more, for I will. I have another "piece" almost finished, which will be forthcoming in the course of events. With many thanks for the pleasure the Repository affords us, and many kind wishes for its future success,  
I am truly, etc.

Our "critic" says she will succeed, beyond doubt, and is almost tempted to accept the article that accompanies the note. Yet it is rather immature. We notice in it some things that the writer would not let pass in a few years from now, and several points which she would not leave so obscurely expressed as they are now. Try again; be patient and persevere, and success is certain.

**TWO NEW CHURCH INSTITUTIONS.**—The last General Conference presented to the piety and benevolence of the Church two new claims of interest and charity. These have now been fully organized and are ready to enter upon their work. The first is a "Church Extension Society," modeled somewhat after the manner of the celebrated and successful "Chapel Fund" of the Wesleyan Connection, which is an inspiring example of what may be accomplished by organization and system. The object of this Society, as expressed in the language of the Constitution adopted at the time of its organization, is "to enable the several Annual Conferences to extend and establish their Christian influence throughout the United States and Territories, by aiding wherever necessary, to secure suitable houses of worship, and such other Church property as may promote the general design." In other words, the Church Extension Society has been created to assist in the development of our denomination.

The field upon which this organization enters is one of great magnitude. Even in the older Conferences there are points where its help can be advantageously employed; among our foreign immigrant population it may do a work which shall give success and stability to the labors of the missionary; while in our new settlements on the frontier it can not be longer dispensed with, unless we are prepared to fall behind Christians of other names in meeting the wants of pioneers who are laying the foundations of what hereafter are to be great centers of power and influence. "A special urgency demanding the assistance of the Society," says the circular of the Board, "grows out of the closing up of the civil war. Where the shocks of this struggle have been felt they have so affected controlling influences as to necessitate many changes both in Church and State. Many among the population may cling to sentiments and organizations under which rebellion was fostered; but others, either originally hostile to that criminal outbreak, or now convinced of their unhappy error, will be anxious to reconstruct society on a new basis, and desire to obtain religious ordinances from Churches in harmony with their present spirit. This may be assumed in some degree of all parts of the country lately ravaged by the rebellion; it is emphatically true of Missouri, of part of Arkansas, of East Tennessee, and of the whole mountain region of the South.

"It must not be forgotten that the freedmen of that section will now have not only a wish but a voice as

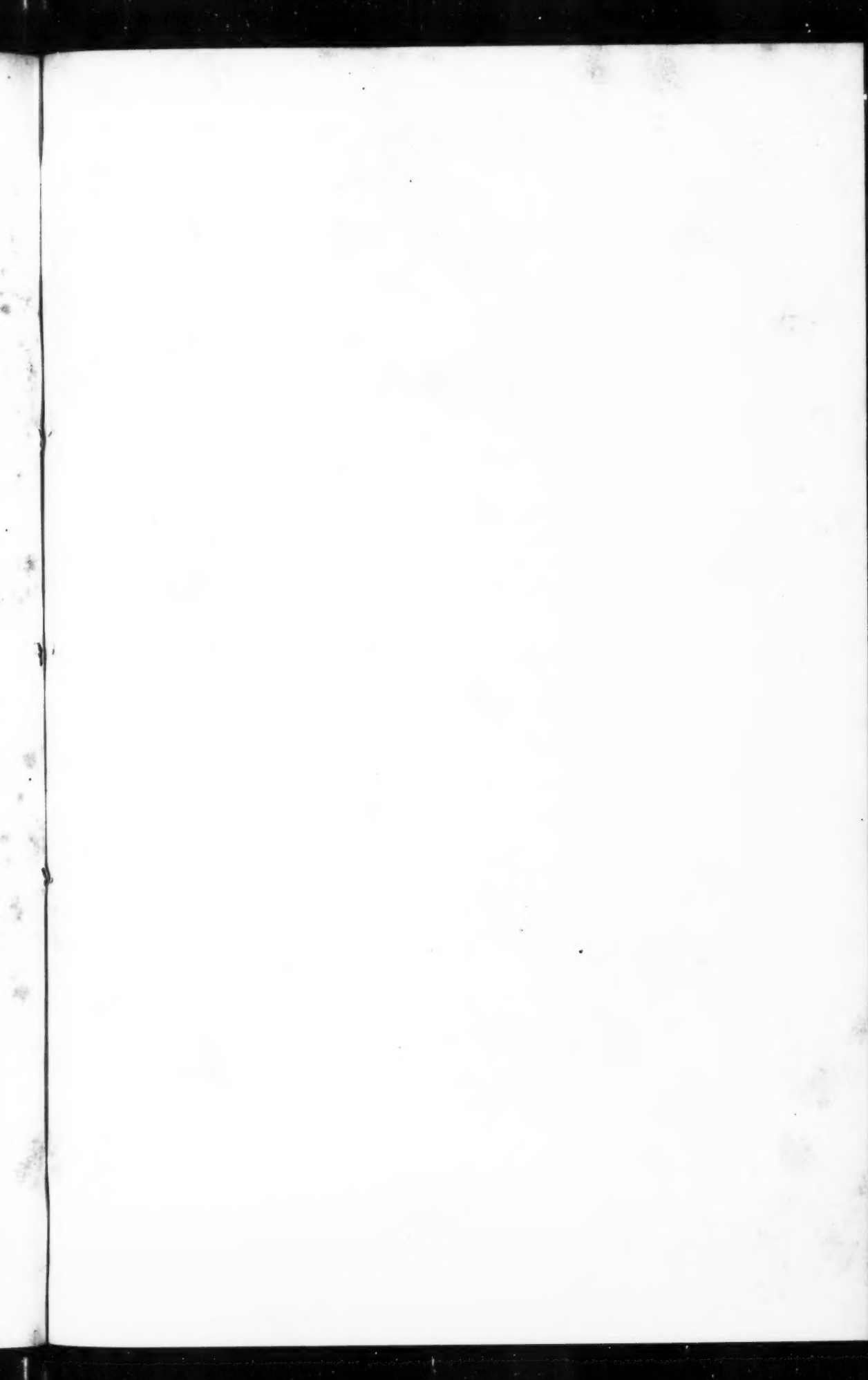
to their future Church relations. Redeemed by the blood of the same Savior, this class of men have equal claims with others upon a great Church seeking to make provision for the wants of souls. With their well-known tendency toward Methodism, it is more than probable that to her they will largely look for spiritual culture and oversight."

We welcome this new Society, and pray it God-speed. There is certainly a most urgent demand for it in connection with our other Church enterprises, especially as an adjunct to our home missionary work. The Missionary Society of our Church, while it sustains the missionary and the cost of his labors, has always declined to furnish houses of worship and parsonages, thus leaving an essential part of the work to be supplemented by just such a society. Hitherto the work has been partially accomplished by individual and local enterprise, but the vast openings now presented to the Church and the wide-spread territory that must speedily be occupied, can no longer be managed without organization and system. The Central Board is located in the city of Philadelphia. We hail the appointment of our esteemed brother and friend, Rev. S. Y. Monroe, as Corresponding Secretary, as auspicious for the success of the new Society. No better selection could have been made in all the Church, and we heartily commend him and the organization that he represents to the confidence of our preachers and people.

The second object to which we referred, is the legal organization of a board of trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For this also provision was made by the last General Conference, and the Board elected. Some time has been consumed in securing the legal enactments necessary to the organization of the board. This has now been accomplished, and the board is fully and legally authorized "to receive and hold in trust for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the direction of the General Conference, donations, bequests, grants, etc., made to the Methodist Episcopal Church." This board is located at Cincinnati, with Rev. Bishop Clark as President, and M. B. Hagans, Esq., as Secretary. The design of this organization is obvious. It is to give legal and corporate powers to the Church to receive and use such funds as the good and benevolent may wish to give or bequeath for the uses of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Both these organizations are so manifestly needed that we only wonder they were not originated long ago.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—The following we place on file: A Chapter on Patience; Glimpses of the Genius of Italy; Lake District in Central New York; Bruised Reeds; Losses and Crosses; Ancient Art; Margaret Craith; Crabbe, the Poet; The Inner Life; To the Zephyr; Shall our Soldiers be Conquered now? Among the Hills; Autumn Leaves.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The following we must respectfully set aside: In the Far West—gives good promise for the future—Madeline's Trial—is well written, but is not adapted to the Repository—We are Coming Home; Philanthropy; The Boon—Eternal Life; Guardian Angels; To my Friend; Our Lizzie's Epitaph, is a kind of poetry touching and interesting to immediate friends, but of which it would be impossible for us to publish one-half of what we receive.

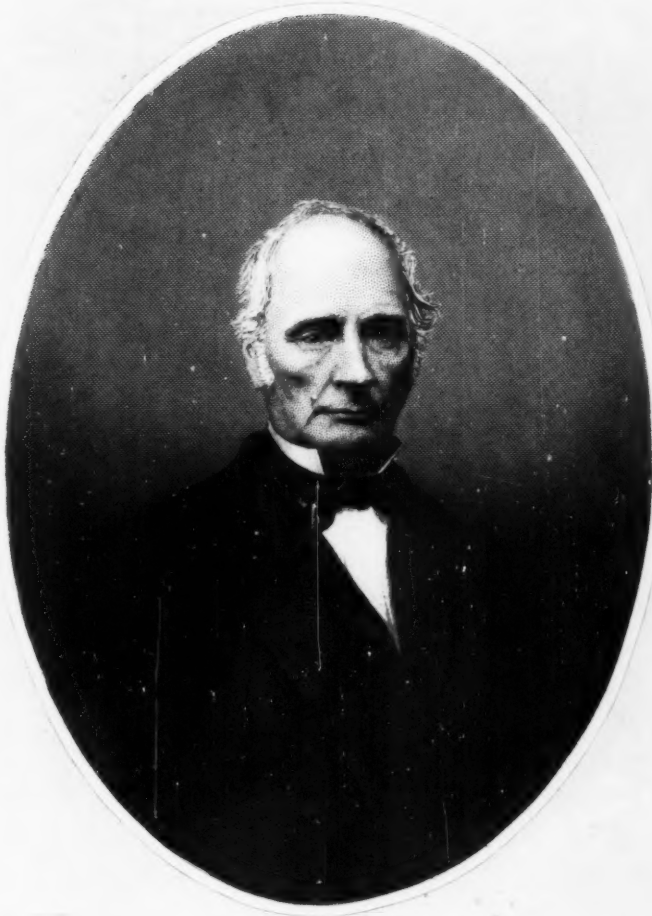




WATERFALL, MOUNTAIN, N. H.







W. H. WOOD

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